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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
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REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The County Committee Held a Harmonious Meeting Tuesday.

GEORGE PATON CHOSEN CHAIRMAN.

Hon. J. W. Bouton, Candidate for President Judge—Walter Ostrander for Jury Commissioner.

The members of the McKean County Republican Committee assembled in convention at the court house Tuesday afternoon. It was a very quiet and harmonious gathering.

The votes of Saturday's primaries being duly counted revealed the fact that Hon. J. W. Bouton was the party's candidate for President Judge, and Walter Ostrander for Jury Commissioner. O. F. Schoonblom, Hon. T. F. Richmond and C. F. Goodwin were found to be elected as delegates to the state convention.

All these are gentlemen and worthy of the vote of every Republican in the county.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Matson in a brief address. Other speakers who made pleasing addresses were were Judge Bouton, N. M. Orr, Hon. T. A. Morrison and George Paton. Mr. Orr presided as temporary chairman and Messrs. G. B. Wannamaker of Kane and Charles Catlin of Port Allegany were chosen as secretaries.

The choice of the convention for a successor to Senator Matson as county chairman was George Paton of Bradford and he was unanimously elected. This was an excellent choice.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It is fitting that we, the representatives of the Republican party of McKean county, in convention assembled, should express the satisfaction we to-day experience because of the achievements of our party, therefore be it

Resolved, That we reaffirm our faith in a protective tariff, a sound currency and a fearless enforcement of law and all the cardinal principles of the Republican party, from which have been realized the happy and prosperous condition existing throughout our country at the present time.

Resolved, That the Republican national administration challenges our profoundest admiration; that in President Roosevelt are combined the elements of the true statesman, the fearless soldier and exemplary citizen, and that the nation's honor and welfare, and the individual citizen's rights and liberties are to him wisely entrusted, and by him duly safeguarded.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress deserve and receive our fullest commendation.

Resolved, That the administration of Governor Pennypacker fulfills the pre-election promises and is by us, most cordially endorsed.

Resolved, That our representatives in the State Legislature, Hon. Myron Matson, Hon. J. M. McElroy and Hon. J. W. Campbell, have earned the commendation of the citizens of McKean county by their strict attention to duty and their efficient work in connection with their legislative duties.

Resolved, That it is with exceptional pride that the Republicans of McKean county unanimously present their foremost citizen, Hon, T. A. Morrison to the Republican State convention as a candidate for nomination for the office of Superior Judge. Judge Morrison's services for his country on the field of battle and his honorable career as a lawyer and judge, and his unquestioned and unquestionable integrity, have made him highly respected and sincerely loved by all who know him. In honoring him with the nomination, the Republican party of the State will honor itself and afford the electors of the Ssate an opportunity to vote for a candidate eminently worthy and completely eqnipped for the proper discharge of the duties of this high office.

Resolved, That Hon. J. W. Bouton, this day nominated for President Judge of the several courts of McKean county, has already demonstrated to the satisfaction of the citizens of this county his superb fitness for this position, and that we pledge him a magnificent vote at the polls in November next.

Resolved, That the delegates elected this day to represent McKean county in the coming Republican State Convention, Messrs. Schonblom, Richmond and Goodwin, are from the ranks of our most representative and influential citizens, and we feel assured that the earnest desires of our people as to the formation of a Republican State ticket can be safely trusted to their hands.

Resolved that the candidate for Jury Commissioner, placed upon the Republican ticket to-day, is worthy of, and will receive our united support.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Republican party of McKean county are due and are hereby tendered to Hon. Myron Matson for his untiring and efficient labors as chairman of the Republican County Committee during the past two years, and to his efficient secretary, Mr. M. L. Willis.

David Howells, A. M. Marsh, A. L. Harrington, W. A. Ostrander, A. D. Gould. Committee.

Horseshoeing. Blacksmithing.

We have secured the services of Mr. F. W. Perkins, an expert horseshoer and are now prepared to give special attention to all kinds of common or special shoeing. Wagon and buggy repairs done while you wait.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"Are You a Mason?"

Rich & Harris' farce comedy, "Are You a Mason?" was presented at the Lyceum last night by a capable company and delighted the large audience. An excursion train over the Kushequa Route brought about forty people from Mt. Jewett, Kushequa and Ormsby and but for the fact that most of the men in that part of the county are fighting forest fires the excursion would have been far better patronized.

"Are You a Mason?" is for laughing purposes only and certainly fulfills its mission. "Amos Bloodgood," the sporty old gentleman from Rockford, Ill., who comes to New York to visit his son-in-law, was naturally portrayed by Edwin Kellie. Mr. Kellie was especially funny in his scenes with "Frank Perry," well played by Thomas David. "Hamilton Travers," as played by Levitt James created many a laugh. Louis R. Grisel, had a difficult character to assume, but was equal to the occasion and made a hit as "John Halton." Paul Weigel is a pretty good actor with a very poor voice. Although the audience could scarcely understand a word he said his antics as "[illegible] Fisher" and "Fanchon Armitage" caught the crowd and he was heartily applauded. "Ernest Morrison" was well looked after by Thomas V. Emery.

"Mrs. Caroline Bloodgood," the stern mother-in-law was well taken by Miss Effie Gorman, and Miss Mamie Johnstone made an admirable "Lottie." "Eva," "Annie" and "Lulu," the daughters, as taken by Misses Adelaide Hendricks, Beulah Watson and Georgie Hart, were al. right. Taken all together the company was a well balanced one and the audience was generally satisfied.

"The Lyceum Evening Program" made its first appearance last night and seemed to be appreciated.

"Trodden Down" Presented.

The Irish drama, "Trodden Down," was presented at the Lyceum last Friday and Saturday evenings by home talent, under the direction of Messrs. Allen and Earle and Mrs. Allen. This production was given for the benefit of the Smethport Hose company, from which the fire fighters netted the sum of $26.

Friday night the performers were greeted with a fair-sized house and everyone who attended was so well pleased with the performance that the managers decided to repeat it on Saturday evening which was very unfortunate for all concerned, as the receipts did not pay the additional expenses of giving the performance, the whole receipts amounting to only $18.50.

Every character in the cast was well taken and on behalf of the hose company we are asked to thank those who so ably assisted in making it a success. The home members of the cast follows: Mrs. Jennie Tracy, Mrs. F. C. Pierce, Miss Eva Hopper, Messrs. Guy McCoy, Ross Knapp, Scott F. Redfield, Leo Digel, Kenneth Mayo, Webb Hopper and Leo Koenig. Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Mr. Earle are first-class actors and they displayed much ability both in the parts they took in the performance and in the instruction given the local talent.

Little Girl Burned to Death.

Isadora, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dill, met with a sad and painful accident Monday, which resulted in her death yesterday. The little tot was playing with a companion, in a neighbor's yard in which a bon fire was ignited, and it is not positively known, but supposed she was trying to jump over the fire, when she tripped and fell face downward into the flames. Her screams brought several persons to the scene. She was carefully wrapped in a blanket and carried to her home. Dr. Armstrong pronounced her to be in a serious condition. Her mouth, throat and lungs, as well as her face, arms and body, were painfully burned by inhaling the flames.

Every possible aid medical science could suggest was given to alleviate the tortures of the child, without success. She lingered in great agony until ten o'clock yesterday, when her little soul took its flight.—Wednesday's Kane Republican.

A Memorable Birthday.

Mrs. E. R. Baker invited a few old friends of her grandmother, Mrs. Ford, to dine with her on her ninetieth birthday, Friday, April 24. It was a very unusual and interesting occasion. Mrs. Ford entertained us with reminiscences of her early life in a cheerful and animated manner, quoting also for our delight from the finest authors from whose noblest creations her mind had become a rich treasury. At ninety years of age Mrs. Ford sat the center and life of the company. More remarkable than all else is her increasing interest in the study of the bible. It was an hour to be remembered as there unfolded to her wrapt listeners her comprehensive grasp of its grand truths, of their development through the ages; of their culmination in Jesus Christ, the Light of the World, and the light and hope of her life immortal. H.

Get one of those Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators and be happy. For sale at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Newspaper by Wireless Telegraph.

We are in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1, of "The Wireless," the first newspaper in the world to publish wireless telegraph dispatches. "The Wireless" is issued daily at Santa Catalina, "the enchanted Isle in a Summer Sea," in the Pacific ocean, off the Southern California coast.

This new venture in the newspaper world has been started by the Los Angeles Times, and from all appearances it will be a success. The news of the day is sent from the Times office in Los Angeles to The Wireless office at Avalon and the result is very satisfactory to the promoters and the public. This new departure gives the people of the island the news several hours in advance of the time it was heretofore received.

The Wireless started off as a three-column, four page sheet and in a week's time was increased to four columns. The general news of the world in this unique publication is condensed as much as possible and in some respects is much more interesting than that which is strung over pages of our daily papers.

Caught Small Trout.

J. P. Howe, who lives up the West Branch, went fishing last Saturday and succeeded in landing two trout. In some unsuspecting manner Fish Warden A. E. Timmerman landed the fisherman on account of one of the trout being under the legal size, six inches. Howe was brought to Bradford and taken before Alderman Egbert, where he plead guilty to the charge of illegal fishing and paid a fine of $10 and costs. The young man acted very gentlemanly in the matter and stated to the court that he had been laboring under the belief that the legal size was five inches instead of six. However, "the law in this case," said the judge, "is no respector of persons, and it is merely a case of fish, and it isn't a 'sucker' either." The Bradford Fish and Game Club is determined to enforce the laws governing the taking of trout from the streams and if fishermen insist on taking trout of illegal size the warden will catch 'em if they don't look out.—Bradford Record.

A Sorority Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Sorority was held in the upper hall of the school building Thursday evening of last week. Covers were laid for seventeen, as all active members were in attendance. The Sorority colors and emblem appeared extensively in the schemes of decoration and menu. As toastmistress Miss Edith McGuire '05 asked for responses to the following toasts.

The Proper Noun, Miss Anna Servatius '05.

The Laws of Syntax, Miss Eilingsfeld '06.

The Abstract Noun, Miss Myra Servatius '05.

The Future Participles, Miss Mary Sawyer '04.

The Masculine Gender, Miss Leila Brown '06.

The Positive Degree, Miss Greer '06.
The Superlative Degree, Miss Tull '06.
The Potential Mode, Miss Mayo '04.

"Eben's" Hoss Trade.

Elton Holden and Fred Rifle of Port Allegany started for the county seat last Monday with one of Elton's best steppers. Elton, or Eben, as many of his friends dub him, is a regular "Dave Harum" in a hoss trade, so when he met a party of gypsies on the road he could not resist the temptations thrown out by the dusky knights of the road and therefore when our young friend reached Smethport he had a beautiful specimen of horse flesh, or rather a horse without flesh. By some artful dodging he missed the iron hand of the Humane Society here and we sincerely hope "Eben" was as successful in his native town for, although a horse trader he is a good fellow and we feel sure he will treat the beast with consideration in its declining years.

Bought Horses.

Last week Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, F. D. Gallup and R. E. Burdick went to Buffalo on a horse purchasing expedition and as a result they brought two fine horses into this place. Mr. Bouton purchased a fine bay to match one he has had for some time and now our present judge and popular candidate for election to the same office rides behind as good a team as can be found in this county. Mr. Gallup purchased a handsome chestnut horse, which is a first-class saddler and can also make most of them hustle in harness. Smethport can boast of as many good horses for a town of its size as any place in this section.

A Pleasant Surprise.

The L. O. T. M. tendered Mrs. Mollie Pierce a surprise party at the lodge rooms of the order Tuesday afternoon and in appreciation of that lady's service as Lady Commander presented her with a beautiful cut glass sugar bowl and cream pitcher and a china nut bowl. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant afternoon passed by those in attendance.

Cornell, Sun Proof and McDougall's white leads. Strictly pure linseed oils, turpentines, dryers, etc., at Redfield's Hardware.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married, in Eldred, Pa., June 17, 1866, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. Alphonso Perkins to Mrs. Laura Lockwood, both of Eldred.

In Eldred, Pa., June 17, 1866, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. Addison Loop to Miss Jane E. June, both of Otto township.

The great scientific achievement of the age—the laying of a telegraphic cable from the shores of the old world to that of the new—has finally been accomplished. For this grand result the world is indebted to the indomitable energy and perseverance of one of America's noblest sons, Cyrus W. Field of New York.

Personal.—With this number my connection with the MINER, so far as the business of the office is concerned, ceases. Henceforth the business will be conducted by Thomas Malone, a gentleman who was formerly associated with me in the publication of this paper. For the present I shall have charge of the paper editorially. With this number the third volume closes and I desire to give notice to those indebted to me that they must pay before the close of September court week. L. Rogers. Smethport, Pa., August 2[illegible], 1866.

Lieut. Frank Wright, our nominee for sheriff, is a resident of Lafayette township and is one of the men the country is under obligation to for services on the battlefield. He enlisted in the famous Bucktail regiment in 1861 as a private and served three years, during which time he was promoted to a first lieutenancy. At the expiration of the three years he re-enlisted and served until the close of the rebellion. He was a brave soldier, always ready to do his duty and faithful to the cause of his country. Few men in McKean county are better qualified to discharge the duties of sheriff than Lieut Wright. He is not only a good penman, but an efficient business man. He will be elected by a triumphant majority and the people of McKean county will have reason to rejoice that the sheriff's business is to remain in good hands for three years to come.

Married, in Keating township, at the residence of the bride's father, on Aug. 5 1866, by A. J. Otto, Mr. John Moore and Miss Maggie Yeardon.

The name of our townsman, Senator Cowles appears in the list of officers breveted major for gallant and meritorious service in the field, at the last executive session of the Senate. Considering that the major was not aware that this brevet was being asked for, we think he bears his honors meekly.

The question has finally been decided that we have oil in McKean county. On Monday, August 27, 1866, Mr. Welch the gentleman engaged in putting down the Kingsbury well at Bradford, after boring about 791 feet, 80 of which were in the oil bearing rock, struck a small vein of oil. The oil is of a superior quality and men experienced in the business predict that it will be a first-class well.

On Monday, September 8, Mrs. A. M. Benton of Port Allegany was seriously injured by being thrown from a buggy. She was riding with her daughter about four miles above her residence on the river road when her horse became frightened and ran towards home. The daughter was first thrown from the buggy, but was not seriously injured. Mrs. B. clung to the horse and buggy for some distance, but was finally thrown against a load of boards standing in the road. Her shoulder was badly broken and she was seriously injured internally. Dr. Freeman, who is attending her, informs us that he has hopes of her recovery.

If any of our subscribers who have more turkeys than they want will send us one, any time before Thanksgiving, we will give them credit on subscription at least 20 per cent. more than the market price of the turkey. If this is not satisfactory we will accept one as a gift or pay the money whichever will be the most agreeable.

Died, in Norwich township, Nov. 4, 1866, Mrs. Phoebe, relict of Nathaniel Brewer, aged 88 years, 5 months and 12 days. The deceased was one of the earliest settlers of this county, being among the hardy adventurers who sought, in the year 1814, a home in the primeval forests of McKean. The last twenty years of her life—years of her second childhood—she was tenderly cared for in the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Ira Burdick. But three or four of those early settlers are left to tell the story of their hardships, privations and sufferings. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Married, in Norwich township, on Tuesday, December 4, 1866, by C. C. Comes, Esq., Mr. Conrad Bayer of Sergeant township to Miss Lena Heinnemann of Norwich township. The newly married couple have the best wishes of the printers. We are certain their wedded life will be a happy one, if they feel as well over it as we did on receipt of the "greenbacks" which accompanied this notice.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death of an Aged Lady.

Mrs. Harriet Gifford died at her residence in Keating township April 23, 1903, aged 70 years, 4 months and 17 days. The cause of her death was cancer of the throat.

Her maiden name was Hariett Hackett and she was born in Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1822, where she resided until 1854, when she removed with her parents to McKean county, where she has since resided. In the same year she was married to Alexander Gifford and the result of this union was two children, Mrs. Ella Ostrander of Keating township and Duello Gifford of Newerf, Pa., who still survive her. She also leaves to mourn her loss two sisters, Mrs. P. S. Griswold of Dale, Wis., and Mrs. J. Rheinwald of Bouckville, N. Y., and two brothers, James R. Hackett of Keating township and Frank Hackett of Kennedy, N. Y.; also eight grandchildren and one great grandchild, besides numerous friends and relatives.

Hers was a life of busy usefulness, a living, practical example of patience, industry and perseverance. She was a model of endurance to the weak and fostering of courage to the faint hearted and of fortitude to the suffering and long having. She was a kind and loving mother, a good neighbor always assisting in caring for the sick in her younger days.

The funeral was held at the family residence Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. J. H. McCandless officiating. A large concourse of friends and relatives followed her to her last resting place in Bush Hill cemetery.

A [illegible] is sad within our dwelling
Lonely is our home to-day
For the one we loved so dearly
Has forever passed away.

Seymour-Thaw.

George Francis Alexander Seymour, the Earl of Yarmouth, of England and Alice Cornelia Thaw of Pittsburg, daughter of the late Wm. Thaw, were married at Pittsburg Monday afternoon. It is said that the Earl, "dead boy," will receive $100,000 a year for his condescension in marrying a woman not of the "nobility."

This custom of giving good virtuous American girls, with large dowries of yellow gold, to impoverished English debauchees is one of the most pitifully foolish things that the usually clear-headed, practical American can be guilty of. But the girls themselves are willing, and as a general thing sacrifice the happiness of a lifetime for the sake of an empty title and the privilege of being snubbed by a few stiff-necked old Englishwomen, who, if the truth must be told, are not worthy of mention in the same columns with an average American girl.

While an Anglo-American alliance might possibly possess some mutual advantages, these little private alliances are all one sided.

Youth, beauty and innocence are given in exchange for nothing, and with the further proviso that the "party of the first part" shall pay the debts and support in luxury the cipher represented by the "party of the second part."

This fellow Seymour, married at Pittsburg Monday, was hounded by creditors and was even served with a summons from London a few minutes before the ceremony took place.

A Dear Old Mother.

When time scatters white flakes over the once dark glossy hair of the dear old mother, and plants furrows on the cheek which you can remember as once being smooth and pink, then is the time to love and cherish, even more tenderly than ever before, that mother in the home, truly remarks a writer in an exchange. The eye may be dim, but it never fails to glow with love for the man or woman who was once her little child. Her sands of time are nearly run out, but her affections will last to the end. Then watch over her, as she watched over you; cheer her declining years with your own never waning devotion. She is your mother, whose place no other has or ever can fill. For years she gathered you in her arms in times of childish troubles; do not forget now to sometimes hold her to your heart and kiss her withered cheek.

Baby Show.

A baby show is to be held in Bradford on the evening of May 16th, under the auspices of the Humane Society.

Cash and other prizes will be awarded to the handsomest, healthiest and heaviest babies, respectively, by the judges.

Several donations from generous individuals and gifts will be utilized as prizes.

Ten dollars for the handsomest, a gold-lined cup for the healthiest and a silver knife, fork and spoon for the heaviest. Ten dollars for the handsomest pair of twins.

REPORTER FOR HUMANE SOCIETY.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned desire to express their heartfelt thanks to the kind friends who assisted and comforted them during the sickness, death and burial of their beloved mother, Mrs. Harriet Gifford.

MRS. ELLA OSTRANDER,
DUELLO GIFFORD.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Top of a Mountain Falls Upon Little Mining Town—Many Dead.

The little town of Frank, situated at the foothills on the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, near Vancouver, B. C., was overwhelmed with disaster about 4:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. What was apparently a volcanic eruption on top of Turtle mountain overlooking the town scattered an immense quantity of rock and debris over the town stopping a mine, imprisoning the miners, crushing a number of houses and killing 112 people.

The telegraph lines all went down and the news of the disaster obtainable has been meagre. The entire top of Turtle mountain was scattered over the sleeping village of Frank.

Immense pieces of rock were thrown high in the air and descending, crushed in the roofs of the houses and stopped up the mouth of the Frank mine. Most of the buildings in town were destroyed and many of the houses crushed like egg shells and their inhabitants instantly killed. Relief expeditions are hurrying to the scene.

Declaration of Independence Hidden.

A dispatch from Washington dated April 21 says: "The Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public. An order has been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fire and light proof safe. The lock and the declaration will never be exhibited again at any of the great international fairs. This decision was reached to-day as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American academy of sciences, now in session in this city, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose atention has been called to the sad state of the famous document by Andrew Allen, librarian of the State Department. Most of the text of the declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign.

The committee equipped with powerful microscopes made a careful examination of the declaration. It was found that the ink used was not of the first quality. The fact that the engrosser (now unknown to history) used a sharp pen and bore steadily upon it accounted in a measure for the better preservation of the text as compared with the signatures. The great damage sustained, however, was in 1820 when a copy was taken by the crude letter press process. This was done in order to secure a facsimile for the surviving signers (one of whom was Thomas Jefferson) and their families.

The committee recommended that the declaration be shut in an air and light tight case and kept from exhibition. To-day the document was photographed and then locked up. The committee has recommended that at certain long intervals of time it be taken from its case and re-photographed, the purpose being to measure, as nearly as can be done, the result of the protective steps.

Forest Fires Raging.

Forest fires are raging fiercely on the mountains in this vicinity. Between Ormsby and Kane, along the narrow gauge road, the woods are afire, but no serious damage has been reported at this writing.

Owners of chemical wood have large gangs of fire fighters at work. But continued dry weather and high winds may yet cause great damage.

Tuesday night "town hill" was afire for some distance along its crest and presented an interesting sight, all the more beautiful because no serious damage was being done.

Working Night and Day.

Work on raising the grade of, the P., S. & N. tracks on this division now goes on night and day. Tuesday night an extra work train was put on and a steam shovel will soon be in operation near Andrew Cambell's farm, where much of the gravel for the work will be secured. The heavy rails are now being laid from Clermont to Marvindale and taken all in all the construction business on this division of the Shawmut is very brisk.

Animal Life.

Charles G. D. Roberts, one of the few writers of animal stories whom John Burroughs commends. Mr. Roberts has lately written a new series of wild-life stories, called "Word from Outdoors." They are appearing in the Illustrated Buffalo Express.

H. C. Wells' Book Sale.

The public had better take advantage of H. C. Wells' ten day book sale. He is offering $1.50 cloth bound book for 75 cents. Latest stories by celebrated authors. The 75 cent cloth bound books go at 30 cents.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Redfield carries a complete line of baseball goods. Baseballs from 5c up. Catchers' mitts for boys at 25c.

WHEN THE HUNT WAS UP

By EDGAR D. PRICE

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There had been a painful scene and they had parted forever. Geraldine had carried herself well and had returned the ring with an air of such positive relief that Arthur could not contain himself, and had rushed from her presence to find a place where he could give free vent to his feelings. His man David was packing, and he proposed returning to New York with the dogs, and from there—oh, hang it all, what was the use of planning? His life was blasted.

In another part of the Southampton "cottage" a girl sat dabbling her red eyes with cologne water, while her hostess vainly offered consolation.

"It's quite the thing in fox hunting, I assure you, Jerry," she said helplessly.

"It may be quite the thing to be cruel and cut—cut the poor little helpless thing's t-tail off, but the man that did it shall never m-marry me," declared Geraldine with momentary spirit.

"But the fox was dead before he did it, you know," said the good lady.

"Yes, killed by a pack of horrid dogs urged on by people who will have m-much to answer for hereafter," wept the girl. "Don't ask me to see him again; I'm going to take the afternoon train to New York and leave him here to revel in b-butchery."

The cause of all this woe was a Shinnecock hills fox hunt, with a real fox instead of an aniseed bag. Reynard had led the field a glorious chase, doubling and twisting times without number, only at last to succumb to the hounds. Foremost in the hunt had been that ardent fox hunter, Arthur Chamberlain, who at the death had dashed in among the dogs and secured the "brush" in the most approved fashion, to lay it at his ladylove's feet. The lady so honored unluckily had no appreciation of the act. In fact, her sympathies were distinctly with the fox, and there had been a warm scene, with the results as above noted.

No Geraldine appeared at lunch. Shortly after that Arthur took leave of his hostess, who discreetly forbore to tell him his ex-inamorata would leave on the same train, and whistling for the two foxhounds Toby and Dan, he moodily strode off to the depot. He was taking his seat in the chair car when a carriage dashed up and a lady alighted and entered the same car. Their eyes met. The lady primly inclined her head and deliberately turned her chair until only the top of her head was visible. The young man ground his teeth.

Miss Geraldine lived up town on the west side of New York in a street numbered among the sixties. Mr. Chamberlain lived on the next block. In fact, the backs of Miss Geraldine's home and the gentleman's bachelor apartments almost faced each other. The block was a solid rectangle built up with brownstone dwellings on the side streets and business places on the avenues, and the roofs, separated by low parapets, were famous places for clothes drying and star gazing.

Arrived in New York, the young gentleman hesitated in doubt of what course to pursue. But Miss Geraldine solved the [illegible] by calling a [illegible] her [illegible] and bowing off with [illegible]

[illegible] a dismal supper. She [illegible] the club's [illegible] proceeded to make a night of it at poker, [illegible] served by the thoughtful David in a packing box on the roof, smoked and napped in lazy content.

The hours passed, the rattle of chips sounding continuously in the hot room, and David was kept busy making and passing around cooling drinks. Over the silent roofs a late moon rose and bathed them with soft light, the dividing parapets casting black shadows. Into this scene of peace came a smaller shadow, trotting across the lighted spaces and leaping the obstructions. In an instant the dreaming hounds were astir. In another instant a black streak was making along the roofs with the two hounds after it in full cry.

The poker party came to a sudden end, and the youths frantically made for the roof.

"It's a cat! No, by the Lord, it's a fox!" cried the doughty fox hunter as the black streak with the hounds in pursuit, having made the four sides of the block, came sweeping past.

Laughing and stumbling, leaping parapets and catching chins in invisible clotheslines, the four madly followed the chase. Roused by the trampling on the roofs, heads appeared at windows and tremulous cries were made for the police. Far below in the streets plunged in darkness a shrill whistle was heard. Once again pursued and pursuers made their way around the block. The eager hounds were closing fast upon their quarry, when suddenly fox and hounds disappeared.

There were policemen on the roofs now, revolvers in hand, searching for the cause of the uproar. By common consent the four fox hunters abandoned the chase and made a silent return to Arthur's quarters, wondering at the swallowing up of the hunt. Their wonderment was of short duration, for repressed screams were heard coming from the other side of the block, and the bell connected from the street door to the bachelor apartments rang violently. Arthur sprang to the speaking tube and called, "Who's there?"

"It's Anne—Miss Geraldine's maid," an agitated voice replied. "Oh, Mr. Chamberlain, come to our house quick! There's a terrible animal in Miss Geraldine's room and two great mad dogs"—

Arthur had heard enough. In an instant he was flying downstairs four steps at a time and running madly to the opposite side of the block. The house door stood open and the cook and waitress were whimpering on the steps. No need to ask where Miss Geraldine's room was, for from above came a pandemonium such as two maddened and baffled hounds alone could make. Rushing in, Arthur descried the two dogs making wild efforts to seize a dark object showing gleaming white teeth from the top of a wardrobe. Tipping the heavy piece of furniture, the dark object slipped unwillingly to the floor, where the two hounds pounced on it, and in another instant a dead red fox lay on the floor.

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Miss Geraldine," said Arthur wickedly, kicking the dogs away from the fox.

"Oh, Arthur, is it you?" said a tearful voice under the bedclothes. "Take care! The horrid thing will bite you!"

"The horrid thing is only a poor little helpless fox, and he's dead as a doornail. I'm going to cut his tail off," declared Arthur heartlessly.

"Cut the brute's head off if you want to," came the unexpected reply. "And now, Arthur, dear, please go away and—and call and see me in the morning."

"Where did the creature come from?" asked the blushing Geraldine the next morning. There had been explanations, and Arthur was holding a hand on which a certain ring again sparkled.

"From a bird and animal store around on the avenue. A man called to see me bright and early this morning with a bill for 'one red fox, $50; cheap enough,'" said the happy Arthur. "Oh, by the bye," fishing in his coat-tail pocket, "I've brought you the brush!"

"We'll have it mounted for a souvenir," said the hater of fox hunting.

Toole Was Fooled.

Bret Harte was often asked to write his autobiography, and it is said that the idea had taken possession of his mind in his later years, but not a line of it did he write. It would have been worth reading, for the author knew most of the interesting people of his time. There is an amusing story told by J. L. Toole, the English actor, of a luncheon with Harte: "After a greeting from my host he said, 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan, and I had hardly shaken hands with him when my host said, 'I would like to introduce you to Count Bismarck.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, bowing to the newcomer. 'How many more of you are there? There is Von Moltke, for instance?' Bret Harte laughed, so did Trevelyan. A comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was considered, I dare say, more or less complimentary, but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man who sat next me, 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced me to as St. Albans?' 'The Duke of St. Albans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'Herbert Bismarck, the prince's son.' 'No!' I said. 'Really?' 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' I was never more sold in my life."

Swallows' Nest.

Two swallows, writes a correspondent of an English paper, built their nest in [illegible] of the [illegible] Before they were hatched she was killed by knocking her head [illegible] Then [illegible] the nest [illegible] exposed and [illegible] the [illegible] After the [illegible] another mate and [illegible] the [illegible] with every [illegible] a few days [illegible] fresh hay and [illegible] to the nest. I did not like to watch too closely, but I [illegible] wondered what they were doing to the eggs, as no traces of broken eggshell, etc., were to be seen on the ground. I let them bring up their young brood undisturbed and then removed the nest, as it was getting late in the season, when I discovered that they had built a false bottom to it, with a new edging of mud to hold the hay together, and that the new family was brought up above the cold eggs. The false bottom, with mud attached, was easily lifted off, the cold eggs being found intact beneath. I do not know if this is a common occurrence. I have not come across it before.

An Equal Test.

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography often seem to be opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in the one are apt to be backward in the other.

A story is told of a youngster who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, a clever mathematician.

One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy in to see the prodigies that the animal could perform.

"Just look at that!" said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"Ha!" answered the boy. "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography! I reckon I could beat him at that!"

Labor Saving Soup.

"Soup too hot? Well, it's this way," said the waiter at the table d'hote restaurant as he grew confidential. "The chef found that he was running shy, and, as he didn't want to make any more, he threw in a lot of pepper so the guests would be satisfied with smaller portions. You see, if he hadn't, the hungry man who comes in late would be complaining about the smallness of the portion served to him. A man will be satisfied with a few spoonfuls of consomme when it's as hot as tabasco sauce."

There are tricks even in the chef's trade.—New York Press.

ZESTFUL FRANKNESS.

"Why, I'm One of the Cowardly Nincompoops Myself."

Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in congress. When Gabe Bouck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the house, to his great vexation of spirit, for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow member met Bouck in the space behind the last row of seats walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clinched right fist down into the hollow of his left hand to the accompaniment of expletives which would hardly look well in print.

"What's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble?" snorted the irate lawmaker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the house are going to vote for it! It's sure to pass—sure to pass!"

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it?" echoed Bouck. "Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"—Francis E. Leupp in Century.

A Maternal Collie.

"The collie," said a man who knows them, "is the most intelligent of dogs. Permit me to tell you a true collie story. There was a Scottish shepherd whose dog gave birth to a litter of pups. All but one of them died, and the mother devoted herself so thoroughly to this sole remaining child that her master's work was quite neglected. The sheep were not looked after at all. The man, enraged at this state of affairs, took the pup and drowned it in a bucket before its mother's eyes. Then he went off to the town for the day. In the evening, on his return, the drowned pup was missing. The shepherd said to his collie, pointing to the bucket, 'What did you do with your pup, Bess?' The collie gave a low, mournful howl and set off, looking backward often to signify to her master that he should follow. She led him to a knoll and paused [illegible] beside a spot where the earth had a fresh look. The shepherd turned up the soil and there beneath it the drowned puppy lay. Its mother had taken it out of the bucket and given it decent burial."—Philadelphia Record.

Clerical Frugality.

In the far-off days of 1766, the year in which Goldsmith wrote his immortal "Vicar of Wakefield," the Universal Magazine contained this obituary notice:

"Lately Rev. Mr. Mattinson, curate of Patterdale, Westmoreland, for sixty years. The first infant he christened was afterward his wife, by whom he had one son and three daughters, all of whom he married in his own church. His stipend was forty years £12 and for the last twenty not £20 per ann. Yet he died at the age of eighty-three worth £1,000, £800 of which was saved out of his stipend."

The correspondent of Notes and Queries who quotes this astonishing record of frugality asks if Goldsmith may not have received the first impulse to the composition of his novel by reading this obituary notice.

Drive With the Heel.

A golf beginner almost invariably either "toes" the ball or else "heels" it from mother earth. If, instead of trying to hit the ball with the middle of the club's face, he aims at "the heel"—that is, striking it with the heel of the club head, being a freak, possesses a face, a toe and a heel—he will generally make a better shot. A practical golfer unconsciously makes the necessary allowance for the bending of the driving shaft, but had he known during his novitiate why he so often "struck Scotland," as the caddie remarked to Balfour, he would probably have made more rapid progress.—Frank Broadbent in Strand.

Footprints.

There's a deal of character in the wear of a shoe. Every clever detective knows that. Give a good detective the imprint of a criminal's foot on yielding soil and he can size his man up pretty well, especially if the shoe be rather worn. That's the only thing a man can't disguise. Lots of first class detective stories have been written on this, but there is nothing remarkable about it. The individuality in a footprint is the individuality of the wearer of a shoe.

Shorter Grown.

Candidate—I have found something besides a candle that will answer that old riddle, "The longer it stands the shorter it grows."

Friend—What is it?

Candidate—A candidate. The longer he stands for office the shorter he grows financially.—Baltimore American.

Looks For a Domestic Paradise.

Mother—Does that young lady you intend to marry know anything about housekeeping?

Son—Not a thing. I'll be the happiest man alive. I don't believe she'll clean house once in ten years.—New York Weekly.

The First Requisite.

Ascum—Haven't you got a job yet?

Layzee—No. I'm still waiting for something to turn up.

Ascum—What you need to turn up are your sleeves.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gets There Just the Same.

You often hear it said a woman has intuition. As a matter of fact, it is suspicion.—Atchison Globe.

The more truth you bring into an argument with a fool the harder he will combat it.—Atchison Globe.

What a man sees only in his best moments as truth is truth in all moments.—Cook.

SUDDEN DEATH.

It Is Usually the Result of Long Neglect to Exercise.

In almost every daily paper are to be seen several announcements that somebody has died suddenly. These sudden deaths are more liable to be men than women. Mr. So-and-so fell dead on the street or in his office while writing letters or preparing a sermon or doing something or other. "Found Dead In His Room" is becoming a very common headline. These deaths are hardly ever accounted for. Generally something is said about the heart—some vague insinuation that the heart was not acting in a proper manner—but as a rule no explanation which is really rational is furnished.

It is a well known fact that the heart is a muscle. If the muscles of the body are allowed to become flabby, the heart also becomes flabby. A flabby heart may be trusted to pump the blood through the system ordinarily, but a sudden fright or emergency, a sudden expenditure of energy, as in running up steps or any other unusual exercise, is liable to overpower the heart. It suddenly stops, and the man falls dead.

Tobacco tends to produce a flabby heart; whisky tends to produce enlargement of the heart; lazy, indolent habits weaken the heart and thin the ventricles. That man who indites editorials, dictates letters, but takes no muscular exercise, is in danger of falling dead. The life insurance man better steer clear of him. It is of vastly more importance to know what his habits are with reference to physical exercise than to know whether his grandmother died of heart disease or his grandfather had rheumatism. The doctor might a great deal better interview his wife and discover how the man behaves himself than to examine the blood for microbes or the urine for urate crystals.

If a man must be strenuous, let him be strenuous all round. He should take a little strenuous physical exercise every day as well as strenuous mental work. It is even dangerous to neglect to take daily physical exercise. Fatty degeneration is killing more men today than is smallpox.—Medical Talk.

MUSINGS.

Wit that wounds is the cruel surgery of speech.

Heaven help the man whose friends are all enemies.

If you must refuse a favor, learn the art of being polite about it.

The money that makes one mare go often makes the other mare stop.

You have not lost your fortune as long as you have not lost your life.

Make chums of your wife and children and know the whole charm of home.

There is no such thing as ease within the belief of men and women whose hearts are unselfish.

Men of small minds are slow to see in any man more than they are capable of seeing in themselves.

You can bet your boots, my boy, your boss knows what you are about. You don't fool him; you fool yourself.

To be important is one thing, to look important is another thing, but to feel important, there you have the fellow who really enjoys his own society.—Schoolmaster.

Finnish Grammar.

Finnish grammar is, of a difficulty absolutely repulsive. None of the other languages of the same group is half so hard. Hungarian may, even Turkish, despite the vexations of the impediment of the Arabic alphabet, is easy in comparison. The syntax is at once powerfully elaborate and perplexingly obscure. It possesses fifteen distinct cases and four and twenty different verbal inflective forms; but, on the other hand, there is no real distinction between nouns, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, infinitives and participles, so that the student must not be startled by finding infinitives regularly declined like nouns, and nouns taking upon them degrees of comparison like adjectives.

Spaniels.

Spaniels, of which there are many breeds, are supposed to have first come from Spain, from which circumstance is derived their distinctive name. Charles I. was an ardent admirer of a small variety of this animal, and from that arose the designation of his pets, known the world over as King Charles. Blenheim or Marlborough spaniels, which greatly resemble the latter in form and general appearance, get their English name from Blenheim palace in Oxfordshire, where the breed has been preserved since the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Had Done His Best.

"I don't know why it is," said the indignant taxpayer who had been trying in vain to have his assessment reduced, "but I can't even get a hearing."

"Perhaps," suggested his friend, "you don't stand in with the officeholders."

"I stand in line an hour or two every day, if that's what you mean, and it doesn't do a bit of good."—Chicago Tribune.

A Tea Legend.

One ancient legend says that the virtues of tea were learned by accident by a Chinese monarch, King Shen Nung, "the divine husbandman," who flourished forty centuries ago and who in boiling water over a fire made from the tea branches on which the latter still hung allowed some of the latter to fall into the pot.

Stamina Needed.

The one indispensable quality of success in these days of tremendous competition is stamina. The young man who lacks that will never get far. He will soon be forced out of the race and sidetracked. Those who have possessed it have conquered innumerable difficulties.—Success.

Incurable.

We hear of six newspaper editors who recently inherited fortunes. Trouble is, when such things happen, they generally enlarge the paper and get poor and happy again six months after.—Atlanta Constitution.

WHAT BRANDING MEANS.

How the Horse Feels During the Maddening Process.

Now, most steers and all horses object to the branding process, says Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Even the spiritless little Indian ponies, accustomed to many ingenious kinds of abuse, rebel at this. A meek eyed mule, on whom humility rests as an all covering robe, must be properly roped before submitting.

In branding they first get a rope over your neck and shut off your wind. Then they trip your feet by roping your fore legs while you are on the jump. This brings you down hard and with much abruptness. A cowboy sits on your head while others pin you to the ground from various vantage points. Next some one holds a redhot iron on your rump until it has sunk deep into your skin. That is branding.

The burn of a branding iron is supposed to heal almost immediately. Cowboys will tell you that a horse is always more frightened than hurt during the operation and that the day after he feels none the worse. All this you need not credit. A burn is a burn, whether made purposely with a branding iron or by accident in any other way. The scorched flesh puckers and smarts. It hurts every time a leg is moved. It seems as if a thousand needles were playing a tattoo on the exposed surface.

Neither is this the worst of the business. To a high strung animal the roping, throwing and burning are a tremendous nervous shock. For days after branding a horse will jump and start, quivering with expectant agony, at the slightest cause.

A Life Saving Order.

Many years ago the American war ship Delaware came near foundering off the coast of Sardinia while luffing through a heavy squall during a morning watch. The "unauthorized letting go of the fore sheet" alone saved the ship from going down with 1,100 souls on board. The first lieutenant, afterward Commodore Thomas W. Wyman, with difficult climbing succeeded in reaching the quarter deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft, was "Keep clear of the paint work!" This command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lee scuppers like sardines in a box instantly restored them to order and prevented a panic, they naturally feeling that if at such a time, with a line of battle ship on her beam ends, clean paint work was of paramount importance their condition could not be a serious one.

Origin of "Canard."

Here is a newspaper derivation of the word "canard." A canard means, in French, a duck; in English it has come to mean a hoax, or fabricated newspaper story. Its origin is amusing. Many years ago a French journalist contributed to the French press an experiment of which he declared himself to have been the author. Twenty ducks were placed together, and one of them, having been cut up into very small pieces, was gluttonously gobbled up by the other nineteen. Another bird was then sacrificed for the remainder and so on until one duck was left, which thus contained in its inside the other nineteen. This the journalist ate. The story caught on and was copied into all the newspapers of Europe. And thus the "canard" became immortalized.

The Eyes of the Musk Ox.

The skull of the bull musk ox is remarkable for the development of the eye orbits, which project sufficiently beyond the plane of the frontal bones to escape the interruption the horns would otherwise make in the range of vision. The musk ox, however, does not seem to rely greatly on keenness of sight, far less on acuteness of hearing, for the eyes are of small dimensions and are completely covered by the heavy growth of fur about them. The organs of scent are evidently more highly developed, and they exact of the hunter his greatest cunning.

Safe From Poisonous Serpents.

A physician, who spent some time in the countries bordering on the gulf of Mexico, found a curious body of men among the natives called curados de culebra, or the safe from vipers. Having been inoculated with the poison of the serpents they were proof against their venomous bites. The inoculation was made with the venom tooth of a viper and the bulb of a native plant called mano del sapo (toad's hand). The preventive inoculation has been an old custom among the natives of that region.

A Suggested Cure.

"Your son," said the phrenologist to the anxious parents, "will become a poet some day."

Here the father interrupted with an air of deep concern. "But don't you think we could cure him now if we could whack the poetical bump with a sledgehammer or something like that?"

A Disgrace to His Race.

"Will I go r-round an' shake hands with th' prizefighter?" he repeated. "Niver! He's an Irishman an' a disgra-ace to his native land; no liss."

"How is that?"

"He won't fight ixcipt f'r money."—Chicago Post.

Land Poor.

Hassit—It's strange you're so hard up, old man. I thought you owned half of Swamphurst and had lots to sell.

Hadditt—I have, but what I want is lots to eat.—Town and Country.

A Safe Time to Cross.

"Well, well," said the old lady living inland, when she heard that her favorite grandson was going to Europe. "It's been a dry summer, and the sea won't be so deep as common."

These Troublesome Questions.

Little Willie—I say, pa?

Pa—What is it, my son?

Little Willie—What did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?—Stray Stories.

Spring and Summer Goods

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN MILLINERY.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of Picture Mouldings ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING AND DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport. . Penna.

E. W. JONES,
Successor to F. H. Nourse
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW Step into the Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars and Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. PALMER,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy **Smethport, Pa.**

Paste this in your hat.

I will sell any article of Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Stoves, Farm Implements, Tinware etc. at cost and under. Prices below will give an idea of what I propose to do For Cash.

	Now	Were
American D. B. Axes	$ .75	$ 1.00
Mann " "	.85	1.00
Kelly " "	1.00	1.25
Champion S. B. "	.60	.75
Warren " "	.75	.90
Bissell Carpet Sweepers	2.00	2.75
Syracuse Side Hill Plow	10.00	14.00
Elmira Flat Land "	8.00	11.00
Hunts Cream Separator	5.00	6.00
40 Quart Milk Cans	2.00	2.50
Gas Mantles	.08	.10
" "	.12	.15
" "	.22	.25

Fence wire and staples below competition.

Don't forget our prices on D. M. Ferry & Co's and Rice's Garden and Flower Seeds.

These goods are of first quantity and our regular stock.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 30, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read Bell Bros.' new advertisement.

—Columbus, Ohio, was visited by a $500,000 fire last Sunday.

—Seventy-two liquor licenses are asked for in Potter county.

—The Bradford Era of Saturday said: "Get out the vote!" and how they did it.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has more calls for stenographers than he can fill.

—C. W. Dickenson has been making some decided improvements on his residence on Northumberland avenue.

—D. C. Young has a new advertisement in this issue which should be read by all. He is offering special cash discounts. Do not fail to read the advertisement.

—The Kane Republican rather mixed things in its article on the protection of bullfrogs. It said the closed season is from July 1 to November 1, while in reality that is the open season.

—J. W. Wensel, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, was instantly killed at Dahoga last Friday night. The remains were brought to Kane by his father, who was the engineer on the train.

—Mrs. Betsy L. Hooker, widow of the late Reuben E. Hooker, of Farmers Valley has been granted an original pension of $8 per month, to date from September 27, 1902. It was procured through the agency of E. R. Sherman, No. 20 Main St., Bradford.

—James Miller, a mail carrier of Jeffersonville, Ind., has been arrested on the charge of failing to turn into the postoffice two cents collected over a year ago on a postage due stamp. Miller pleads innocence. This is about the limit for government detectives.

—It is reported that a brother of Czolgosz, murderer of the late President McKinley, is visiting relatives in McKean county.—Potter Enterprise. If the above had been true the Bradford reporters would have had him spotted for Tardo, the Hazelhurst murderer, long ere this.

—Augustus Miller died at his home in Bradford Saturday night, aged 79 years. Mr. Miller had been identified with the lumber business for many years and was well known throughout the county where he had many friends. The deceased is survived by two daughters, Mrs. A. F. Bannon, Jr., and Miss Anna Miller, of Bradford, and two sons, Foster A. Miller of Hornellsville and Fred Miller of Bradford.

—B. G. Barth, employed on this paper during the past year, has secured a position on the Cuba Patriot as local editor and business manager and is already at work there. Barth is a newspaper man who has few equals and will revive a long dormant interest in the Patriot, which has recently been sold to a man who knows how to run a country weekly.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—At St Joseph's church Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock was solemnized the marriage of Anna C. Klappenbach and Stephen M. Sartwell, Rev. G. E. Knollmeyer officiating. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. The happy couple will reside at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Sartwell. The Argus extends congratulations.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Some few days ago there appeared in these columns notice of a birth. In chronicling the advent of the new arrival we stated it was a girl. Yesterday the supposed-to-be happy daddy appeared in the editorial sanctum in a rage of indignation. He claimed it was a boy and not a girl, and added: "If the Salus-Grady libel bill was in effect I would have you arrested for hurting my feelings."—Pottsville Miners' Journal.

—A dispatch from Salamanca of April 26, says: That there was still another victim of the railroad accident at Red House last Monday was established with reasonable certainty to-day, when relatives of L. K. Osborne of Mansfield, Pa., identified some keys found in the wreckage as belonging to him. There is also a possibility that two other persons were killed in the wreck and their bodies consumed in the fierce fire which followed, John Drongan, who was slightly injured, is said to have stated that two Poles in his party were unable to get out of the train. This brings the list of dead up to 10 and possibly 12.

Beautiful Homes.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is offering special round trip Homeseekers' rates to points all through the West, tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month, good return limits; also selling special one-way Colonists' tickets to Pacific Coast and intermediate points. See local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Tourist Cars

via West Shore—Nickel Plate Road—are justly famous for their completeness and luxurious comfort, are positively unexcelled. Second class tickets available. Tri-weekly service. Get folder and full information from local agent, R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

House and lot for sale or rent. I also wish to dispose of my household goods. Mrs. Anna M. Fuller, 306 Green St.

Buy the Union Lock poultry fencing at Redfield's. The best for chicks and the easiest put up.

Few Good Dinner Waiters.

A New York fashionable restaurant man who was asked why he specified a good "dinner" waiter in his advertisement said: "Because all good waiters are not necessarily good dinner waiters; quite the contrary. The tendency with most waiters, unless they know their customer, is to hurry a meal along. They want to make room at the tables for newcomers. Most men who take all their meals at restaurants will not object to this at breakfast; in fact, it is rather gratifying than otherwise to find a waiter willing to hurry. The same thing is true, more or less, with luncheon where the restaurant is exclusively for gentlemen. But very few men like to be hurried over their dinner. Any waiter who knows his business will coax his customers gently over this meal, course by course, always ready, but never around when he is not wanted. Such a man will get a liberal tip and send customers away with the opinion that he works in the best restaurant in town. But such waiters are few and far between.—New York Times.

Strength of Animal Scent.

The bird dog man is likely to think his favorite has a better nose than any animal on earth. He can tell you any amount of stories about birds being scented at very long distances. Now it is a covey of chickens winded at 300 yards, or, again, a bevy of quail drawn straight to at seventy five. There are other animals, however, which have wonderfully keen noses. For instance, the sea otter hunters do not dare build a fire for days at a time on the little islands of the Pacific ocean frequented by these animals because the otter will smell the fumes from the farthest [illegible] a distance of [illegible] miles out to sea. It is said of this animal that [illegible] a fish under the [illegible] have been known to wind [illegible] and make up their minds [illegible] about him as to never quit [illegible] under twenty five.

A White Ant Diet.

A book on the Kongo Free State gives this picture of the fondness of the natives for white ants: "In the white ant month the natives have a very busy time. The river is deserted and men and women, boys and girls, go out to gather the white ant for food. I cannot say I admire their taste, but the white ant is not bad as food, merely very rich. In this month he is about an inch long. The natives gather him in hundreds, pull off the wings and roast him. The native boys have a shorter way with him. Sometimes a mess of white ants flopped on to the table, attracted by the light. The boys who were waiting pounced on them and without further ceremony popped them into their mouths."

Strength of Eggshells.

[illegible] of eggshells [illegible] on the ends [illegible] recently [illegible] were [illegible] between 400 pounds [illegible] these gave way [illegible] between thirty two pounds and seventy five pounds [illegible] pressure required to crush [illegible] between forty [illegible] seventy five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen one thousandths inch.

The Public School.

The public school is generally underestimated and is frequently looked upon with indifference. Its influence can not be expressed in a few words, but its influence is the lifeblood of the home, the community and the nation. Any ordinary imagination can conjure up a state of affairs that would soon come to pass if the schoolhouse were closed. It is the great sieve into which all the nations of the world are thrown, to be shaken down to the common level of obedience and patriotism.—Schoolmaster.

History Repeating.

Mr. Binks—I don't like the looks of that young man who calls to see Clara.

Mrs. Binks—He looks exactly as you did when you first came to see me.

"Was I any such fool as that?"

"Yes, you were, and yet I married you in spite of all my parents could say, and I am afraid that in spite of all we can say our Clara will now be just as big a fool as I was."

An Odd Inscription.

At Wymondham, Norfolk, England, is this inscription at an old country house engraved on an oak board and all in one line: "Nec nisi glis servus, nec hospes hirudo." Translated from the Latin, in which it appears in antique Roman capital letters, it may be rendered, "No dormouse as a servant for me, neither a horse leech for a guest."

Not a Case of Superstition.

Mrs. B.—Oh, Charles, we can never sit down with thirteen at table.

Mr. B.—Pshaw! I hope you're not so superstitious as that.

Mrs. B.—No, of course not, but we have only twelve dinner plates.

Widespread Interest.

"Do you think that people appreciate art in this country?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "Everybody gets interested as soon as you tell 'em how much a masterpiece cost."—Washington Star.

What He Didn't Mean.

Ambiguous—How are you, old fellow? Are you keeping strong?

"No; only just managing to keep out of my grave."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

The Pursuit.

Idealist—True happiness is found in pursuing something, not catching it.

Ordinary Man—The man who pursues the last car at night knows better.

Some people think that when they ask forgiveness for a wrong it gives them a license to do the same thing over again.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"I've Lost Ten Pounds"

A man says "Look at this." And he over-laps his coat to show how loose it is. There are some people who can lose *fat* to advantage, but the loss of flesh is one of the accepted evidences of failing health. As flesh-making processes begin in the stomach, so naturally when there is loss of flesh we look first to the stomach for the cause. And the cause is generally found to be disease of the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts, resulting in loss of nutrition and consequent physical weakness.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores the lost flesh by curing diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition and enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food from which flesh and strength are made.

"My wife was for five years troubled with indigestion of stomach and bowels, bloating and severe pain at times during the entire five years," writes Mr. J. Milton Unger, of McConnellsburg, Pa. "Her heart was affected, and she took a purgative every few days but only received temporary relief. She got very poor in flesh and I bought one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from our druggist and after taking it she said she felt like a new woman. Has no more trouble with stomach and bowels and has no pain nor bloating. Has gained fifteen pounds in weight."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

This Week

We will capture the man who will surrender as the sum of [illegible]

$10.00

[illegible]

$3.50

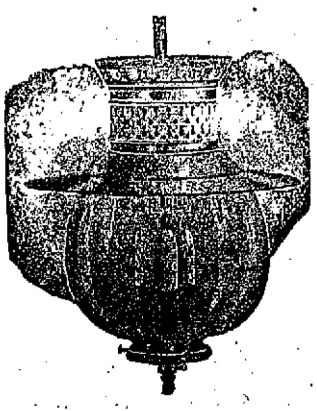
for WALKOVER SHOES.

[illegible]

Your Money's Worth or

Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

You Take No Chances.

The goods we handle represent the world's best products in each particular line. We make a hobby of quality.

Every manufacturer whose goods we handle can be relied upon. Each is the representative producer in his line. We have searched the country over and handle nothing but what we know will be perfectly satisfactory.

Every article we handle is sold under the broad guarantee that it will be strictly all right.

You can buy all your supplies from us and you can depend upon everything you buy. You take no chances with anything. No matter whether it is a pump washer or an enameled and gold bath tub you can be sure that you are getting the best washer and the best tub that can be procured for the money.

We make a specialty of

HOT WATER

AND

STEAM HEATING

Estimates furnished on all plumbing work.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

NOVELTIES

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL

MANY NEW GOODS IN ALL LINES.

Would especially call attention to the large assortment of beautiful

NECKWEAR & BELTS,

the LATEST and CORRECT styles for spring and summer. Also a good line of fine hosiery and undervests. A look at my goods will convince you that they are the latest.

Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms: [illegible] per year, or [illegible] if not paid strictly in advance [illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $[illegible] per column, per annum, payable monthly. [illegible] position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $[illegible] per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 31, 1903.

The Prince of Wales will visit the St. Louis exposition next year.

Myron Matson's "dam bill" has been vetoed by Governor Pennypacker.

British troops killed 2,000 soldiers of the Mad Mullah in a recent engagement.

Smethport polled a larger vote at the primaries Saturday than was polled in the whole city of Bradford.

Since Gov. Pennypacker favors the free lunch he should be consistent and also favor a free pass, says the Bradford Era.

Rumors of war are again floating through the air. Russia and Japan are expected to have a try out in the near future.

The liquor dealers of New York State have ordered a boycott on all rural voters as a means of punishment for their part in passing the high license law. They refuse to buy any produce from New York State farmers. The farmers should quit drinking to play even and if they do so they will have a good deal the best of the liquor men.

The Republican County Committee in convention assembled, at Smethport, Tuesday, was a harmonious gathering. A winning ticket was placed in the field and the resolutions were "regular" and "boostful." No reference was made to the press muzzling incident at Harrisburg. Perhaps it was just as well to omit it. The subject was not a pleasant one upon which to "resolute."—Bradford Era.

Boldly Spoken.

When before has the United States had a President or a man of presidential size in politics, who, when called upon for a public speech in a city where a serious labor strike was pending, would have dared to discuss the question that was uppermost in the minds of his audience? The course of President Roosevelt at Omaha in boldly referring to the strike now threatening in that city, and offering his counsel as to the means of averting it, is unexampled except for a single incident. That exception was furnished by himself when he threw the weight of his powerful influence into the balance and secured a settlement of the great anthracite coal strike.

Capitalists and workingmen alike will feel added confidence in the President because he puts aside the customary timidity of politicians in matters of this kind. The advice which he gave at Omaha may well be treasured by labor and employer all over the country as expressing the true principles for the avoidance of labor wars. Read his words again: "Capitalist and wage-worker alike should honestly endeavor each to look at any matter from the other's viewpoints, with a freedom on the one hand from the contemptible arrogance which looks down upon the man of less means and on the other hand from the no less contemptible envy, jealousy and rancor, which hates another because he is better off."—Buffalo Express.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, April 26, 1903.

A remarkable and significant development in the political situation has occurred this week, one of the leading newspapers of the country and one that has always been regarded as strictly Republican, having published a series of articles attacking President Roosevelt and finally contrasting the President's administration with the presumptive conduct of ex-President Cleveland, to the credit of the latter. The most significant feature of the situation, however, is the fact that the publication referred to is practically governed, in so far as its editorial policy is concerned, by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and the interests with which the financier is allied. At first blush some of the more timid souls in the Republican ranks were startled by these attacks on the President but when it became evident that their whole animus was due to the President's action in connection with the Anthracite coal strike, his attitude towards organized labor and his enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law against the Northern Securities Company, even the timid ones took heart and concluded that opposition on such grounds could but strengthen the President in the high estimation in which he is held by the people.

A prominent member of the Senate who has the President's interests at heart said to your correspondent to-day, "The situation in a nutshell is this. The President has refused to be dictated to by the Wall Street interests; he has regarded it as his duty to protect the people from the greed of corporate wealth by enforcing the laws which the people, through their duly elected Congress, have placed on the statutes. He has recognized that the workingman is a factor in the prosperity of the country and that the laborer is entitled to his hire. No arraignment of the President on those grounds can injure him. Mr. Roosevelt will not only be the next candidate of the Republican party but he will be elected by the largest majority ever given a presidential candidate. He is an honest, fearless, energetic man and that is precisely the type of man the people want in the White House. The effort to boom Mr. Cleveland at Mr. Roosevelt's expense, while surprising in a newspaper professedly Republican, is not surprising from the Wall Street standpoint, for Mr. Cleveland was always the friend of 'the street.' No, the friends of Mr. Roosevelt have nothing to fear from the attack to which you refer."

Ex-Representative Mercer of Nebraska "blew into Washington" this week, to use his own words, and expressed himself in terms of the utmost enthusiasm regarding the President. He said "It is perfectly ridiculous to think or talk of any other candidate. The people of the west are for him to a man. He is straight from the shoulder and that is what the western people love. Any man with half an eye for politics can see that Democrats and Republicans will outvie each other in getting to the polls to vote for him."

The Postoffice investigations during the past week have been the occasion of a remarkably sensational occurrence. Last March the President instructed the Postmaster General to demand the resignation of Judge Tyner, Assistant Attorney General for the Postoffice Department, because of the grave irregularities charged to Judge Tyner's division in connection with the "get-rich-quick" concerns and the general and extensive use of the mails for fraudulent purposes. Judge Tyner has for some time been in very poor health, having suffered from two strokes of paralysis and Mr. Payne permitted his resignation to take effect May 1, thus affording him his salary for two months after his actual deposition. One day last week Mrs. Tyner entered the office of her husband, admitted surreptitiously her sister and a safe expert and abstracted the entire contents of the safe designed to hold the confidential papers of the division. Postmaster General Payne, when apprised of the facts, immediately sent to the Judge demanding the papers which were refused. He then summarily dismissed Mr. Tyner. The matter has been referred to the Attorney General for further action.

Some of the first evidences of the reforms to grow out of the establishment of a general staff for the army are already observable and many army officers are deeply exercised because of the curtailment of individual power which is foreshadowed. For instance, the administration of the vast appropriation for quartermasters stores, amounting to $6,000,000 this year, will be no longer left to the Quartermaster General, but will devolve upon the Staff. The Chief of Engineers is also likely to be superseded by the Staff in the selection of sites for coast defenses. The general command of the army, now vested in the "General Commanding" will, of course, pass to the Staff and General S. B. M. Young, as chief of staff, will become the most influential man in the army.

Immigration figures for the fiscal year, which will end in sixty days, promise to exceed those of all previous years, with the exception of 1882 when the aggregate reached 788,992 persons. For the nine months ending with last of March the total was 494,425, as against 370,575 for the corresponding period of the previous year. In the nine months referred to Italy took the lead in furnishing immigrants; the total being 129,860. Austria-Hungary came next with 123,231, and Russia next with 81,731, this including Finland. Germany sent over 23,482, Ireland 16,230, England 14,621 and India the smallest number, just 33 persons.

Grave annoyance has been caused to the State Department officials by the unofficial news that Russia has presented a claim for sovereignty over Manchuria and the exclusion of all other nations. This is held to be in absolute violation of treaty stipulation with the United States and it is expected that a protest will be made by this Government although Secretary Hay says he will take no action until he has consulted with the President, which he will do this week at Saint Louis. Some officials believe Russia will be inclined to make some concessions in favor of the United States but others hold this would be impossible.

Thoroughbred brown leghorn eggs, 15 for 30 cents. Burg Stickles, East Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

WHY STICK TO THESE OLD METHODS? BE UP TO DATE—USE

OZOLINE

The best family remedy in the world for

SORE THROAT

Hoarseness, Sore Mouth, Tonsilitis, and all diseases of the throat. Prevents Diphtheria. Cures Quinsy.

Cure guaranteed. 25 and 50 cents at all druggists.

THE OZO REMEDY CO.
New Brighton, Pa.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

BELL BROS.

The Very Best Funiture at Popular Prices

Never before have we shown such a large beautiful and perfect stock of furniture as this spring. Every piece of furniture sold here assures the purchaser of genuine economy. Our exhibit of, Mahogany furniture is not equaled in this part of the state. Poplar, oak and other woods in here, too in great profusion.

Furniture Department—3d. Floor, ELEVATOR.

Durable Carpets.

The carpets we offer are worth going a long way for, and then you will save more than enough on a reasonable purchase to pay your fare. We ship all carpets free of expense to you.

Ingrains, 35c to 75c per yard.
Tapestry Brussels, 55c to 75c per yard.
Body Brussels, 85c to $1.30 per yard.
Velvets, 75c to $1.25 per yard.
Axminster, $1.00 to $1.25 per yard.

Rugs in carpet sizes a specialty.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of South western New York

---

Grocery Prices:

Pure Strained Honey, 12 oz. cans, 25c.

Use Gold Cross Coffee, 25c lb., and get a nice line of premiums free. Ask us for catalogue.

Onion sets 8c and 10c qt.

We have two lots of can peas which we will close out at 5c can.

One lot of can peaches at 10c can.

One lot of can Bartlett pears, 12c can.

One lot of Black Raspberries 15c can.

Few more of those 25c corsets left. Ask for your size.

Heavy Dress Goods at 33⅓ off of regular prices.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

PRICES
Copyright

Fancy Prices Trampled Underfoot.

at our store. No matter how tempted we never allow profits to exceed what is reasonable. That is why our

FOOTWEAR

is sold at such remarkably low prices.

Our standard of value is regulated by ourselves. It is the highest in this town. We sell

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes

at prices which cannot be duplicated.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

A Cup Of Tea

is considered by women as the popular beverage for an entertainment. This being true you should have

The Best Tea

obtainable. Our Teas are delightfully fresh and fragrant, carefully picked from the choicest plants and basket and basket dried. Try them.

We give Rogers 1847 silverware with

Silver Shield Coffee

Come in and we will explain how it is done.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
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DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

RIGHT

Is the word that describes our New Clothing.

We would like to furnish your Easter Outfit—may we? There is Easter elegance all over our store. Come in and see the New Spring Ideas and you will make your selection here. We are sure

The Suit

you may choose from the many different styles and patterns. The prettiest you ever saw.

The Top Coat

you may choose from the best the trade knows anything about. Every new cut and fabric is here.

The Hat

We will show you hats of the very latest shapes and blocks. You are bound to be suited.

The Scarf

For your selection of a tie we will show you the prettiest and daintiest spring styles in town.

The Gloves

All the new colorings in spring weight. Come see.

The Terhune Union Made Shoes in latest shapes in Oxfords and high cuts. $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.

H. W. RUBIN.

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

New Spring AND Summer Patterns

We wish to call your attention to our new line of Patterns for Spring and Summer

SUITS, OVERCOATS and TROUSERS.

Nearly all are one pattern pieces and our variety this year is larger than ever before. The fit style and workmanship are absolutely guaranteed. CALL AND SEE THEM.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

DON'T DO A THING ABOUT FURNITURE OR CARPETS UNTIL YOU

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Carpets made free | F. G. Lindholm & Co | Lace Curtains

Spring Offerings in

Women's Shirt Waists.

Dozens of beautiful creations of which we mention the following as a few of the special values. A large purchase of waists direct from the manufacturers brings you these beautifully made, up-to-date and highly desirable shirt waists at prices

About 50 per cent Below the Regular.

Shirt Waists of Madras and fancy Percale. Regularly 75c and $1.00,	50c.
Shirt Waists of mercerized Chambray, plain and fancy white Lawns. Regularly $1.50 and $1.75,	$1.00.
Shirt Waists of White Madras, also striped Cheviot and dotted Satines. Regularly $2.00 and $2.25,	$1.25.
Shirt Waists of mercerized Batiste, silk striped Madras and Pique, Regularly $3.50 and $4.00,	$2.75.

A showing of the latest in Peau de Soie Waists and the new Cluny Lace Waist.

Floor Coverings Splendid assortment of Rugs, Wilton, Brussels, Tapestry and Ingrain Carpets, Linoleum, Oil Cloths, Mattings and Fillings.

We make all Carpets free of charge.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS.

We handle exclusively the Munnsville Plows. For flat hand work we highly recommend the celebrated Oneida Valley Clipper No. 1. The Munnsville No. 14 for a side hill plow is the best, although we sell a great many of that old reliable, The Rough & Ready. These plows have been sold in this town for a number of years and have many friends all over the county who know what they are and will tell you for quality and work they have no equal. We have yet to hear of a dissatisfied user of a Munnsville Plow. Call and see them at

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 30, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—J. Colegrove has had a new platform laid in front of his store.

—Fry & Herzog have an interesting ad to-day. Don't fail to read it.

—Don't miss the novel entertainment to-night at the Methodist chapel.

—The Republican primaries passed off quietly in this borough Saturday.

—There are many sidewalks in this borough which need to be repaired or rebuilt.

—Warner's Business College placed another student at $40 per month on April 24.

—The bottle factory at Hazelhurst may soon be in operation, says the Mt. Jewett News.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have something to tell you in their ad this week that will be of interest.

—The Lyceum company has erected a big bill board on James McKean's vacant lots on East Main street.

—A new sidewalk has been laid this week in front of F. G. Lindholm's property, opposite Wells' drug store.

—The Smethport high school baseball team will play their first game of the season at Mt. Jewett next week.

—The Cross Fork News grows better every week. Editor Fish is a hustler and has the best wishes of the MINER for lucrative success.

—The borough council of Shingle House has granted a charter to the Shingle House Railway Co. for a street railway in that place.

—The degree team from the Smethport I. O. R. M. went to Crosby Tuesday evening and worked a degree on the braves of that place.

—R. Soranson, formerly editor of the Galeton Dispatch, has secured a position with the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad at St. Marys.

—Mrs. Amelia Digel fell through a hole in the sidewalk on Mechanic street last Sunday evening, receiving painful though not serious injuries.

—Where is the "water wagon?" is a question heard on all sides this week. The streets are dusty and the sprinkler should make its appearance.

—The Bradford high school baseball team will open the interscholastic championship season with a game with Erie in Bradford on next Saturday.

—Manager Waldo Sasse will undoubtedly give Kane the fastest baseball team in its history. We have heard several players' names mentioned who will play on the team and they are all first class.

—"What License Do You Want in Smethport?" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church "Growth" is the subject for the morning.

—By the provisions of the judge's salary bill, passed by the last legislature, the pay of the judge of McKean county is fixed at $5,000 a year, an increase of $1,000.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale in Hussey's meat market Saturday afternoon, May 2, from 2:30 to 5:30 o'clock. Your patronage solicited.

—S. E. Bell and son, Donovan, returned Saturday from a fishing expedition in Potter county. They had 46 fine specimens, ranging from 6 to 11 inches in length.

—A very interesting meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held at Mrs. F. A. McCoy's last Wednesday. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Forrest's.

—A fine musical program has been selected by the ladies of the third division of the Travelers' Club, to be given at the Lyceum May 12. Further particulars next week.

—The Kane Republican now appears in a new dress of type for its reading matter. It is a bold face of brevier and is a vast improvement as well as a convenience to its readers whose eyesight is impaired.

—Representative Joseph C. Sibley of Franklin, formerly of Friendship, has purchased a new yacht for use at his summer home on Lake Champlain. The boat is 100 feet long; has cabin room for eight people and carries a crew of eight. —Ex.

—The management of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music Concert Company, which is to be at the Methodist church, May 15th, has greatly improved their entertainment this year by an entire change in the personnel and plan of the company.

—Miss Alice Thaw, whose marriage to the Earl of Yarmouth, was solemnized Monday afternoon at the Calvary church, Pittsburg, is a cousin of Mrs. Mary McBride of the Option House. Mrs. McBride was among the few guests invited to witness the ceremony.—Bradford Star.

—Miles E. Steadman was arrested Tuesday evening by Constable E. W. Jones on a warrant issued at Patton, Cambria county, charging him with embezzlement. Steadman was taken before Justice B. L. Knapp and gave bail for his appearance at the Cambria county courts.

—Miss Agnes McCoy took part in a musical recital at Kane for the benefit of the Episcopal church at that place on Tuesday evening of this week. Those who heard Miss McCoy speak in the highest terms of her singing. Evidently she was the attraction on that occasion. Miss Lois Young accompanied Miss McCoy to Kane and during their stay in the mountain city they were entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Rogers. They also attended the luncheon at the residence of Mrs. Martha Griffith.

—F. J. Vickery, who recently returned to Smethport after several years sojourn in California, has entered into partnership with A. T. Palmer in the livery business. The firm will hereafter be known as Palmer & Vickery. The MINER wishes both members of the firm continued success.

—A dispatch from Bolivar, N. Y., to last night's Buffalo News says: Milton Woodard, pioneer settler of Allegany county, was found dead in his bed by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Woodard, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, three miles northeast of Bolivar. He was 84 years old and his death resulted from cancer.

—Bishop Whitehead will hold a visitation of St. Luke's parish on next Tuesday evening and will administer confirmation. The bishop will be accompanied by Archdeacon Cole and probably some of the neighboring clergy. The services on next Sunday will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Instruction on confirmation will be given.

—J. C. Backus, manager of the Smethport bowling alleys, is working on a patent pin sticker, which if a success will be a great labor saver in bowling alleys. He explained to us his proposed scheme and it appeared to be very practical. Mr Backus has been very successful in his past inventions and we have every reason to believe this will be a success.

—The statement that one battleship costs more than the value of the ninety four buildings of the Harvard University, says the Boston Watchman, has been questioned, but the official reports state that the Oregon, which is the most expensive battleship in the United States Navy, cost $6,575,032.76. The valuation of all the buildings and land of Harvard University is $5,300,000.

—On Tuesday Con Doyle was changed from the depot here to the B., R. & P. freight office in Allegheny. His place was filled by the promotion of John Rooney, and Charles Calkins was taken in on the force. Station Agent Collins seems to have his force so well trained that when a man is wanted elsewhere the company knows where to get one that will give satisfaction.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Mrs. Jennie M. Jack, wife of Attorney D. H. Jack, died at her home in Bradford last Sunday morning, after an illness for the period of over one year. Mrs. Jack was a most estimable woman and her death will be keenly felt among her many friends throughout the county. The deceased was aged 47 years and is survived by her husband, one son, Harry Jack, and her mother, Mrs. Sarah Matthews.

—Thursday evening a party composed of Daughters of Pocahontas came over from Port Allegany and paid a fraternal visit to the local Indianesses. The home aggregation was prepared for their visitors and did their best to show them a good time. This we understand they did to the entire satisfaction of all. Refreshments were served and when the visitors left for home at a late hour all agreed that the pipe of peace should ever be smoked when these tribes meet.

—The refuse matter from the chemical works on Marvin creek has commenced its odorous summer work. Fish are being driven down the stream in droves and Tuesday furnished great sport for children with spears. Many big suckers were captured and some magnificent trout were seen near the Mechanic street bridge below the little dike. It would not do any hurt for sportsmen to make a united effort to have this chemical refuse matter abolished. Aside from killing fish, frogs and in fact every living thing in the stream, it causes a horrible stench when the water is low and is a menace to public health.

To Prevent Railroad Wrecks.

An Ohio man has devised a method whereby many accidents on railroads can be avoided. It is a searchlight which is operated by a man on the pilot, who has a place in a glass enclosure. In this manner he is enabled to obtain a view of the track for miles ahead of the train. Where there is a sharp turn in the track circling a bluff an accident can be avoided by the operators of each train signaling over the curve. In case a broken rail is not discovered until the train is almost upon it the operator has an appliance by which he can instantly control the air and stop the train. The idea seems feasible.—Bradford Era.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Elwood Gaskin and A. E. Grant, under the firm name of Gaskin & Grant, was dissolved on the 28th day of April, A. D. 1903, by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by Elwood Gaskin, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to and paid by him.

ELWOOD GASKIN,
A. E. GRANT.

Window Screens and Screen Doors, all sizes, made to order at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at residence of G. W. Mitchell, Smethport. 18-tf

A PERFECT PLOW.

It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed that rough new land without breaking. It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed the hard dry ground where others failed. It was a "Le Roy Plow" that plowed that sticky clay and made work easy for man and team. It was a "Le Roy" Reversible Plow, that ploughed the steep sidehill. It is a "Le Roy" Reversible Plow that will do good work on flat land, doing away with all furrows, leaving your land level and suitable for all crops. For sale by A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Orlo J. Hamlin visited Bradford Tuesday.

Earl Best left Monday for his home in Cleveland, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. McCandless were in Buffalo this week.

Miss Maude Davis of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

W. O. Herzog was a business visitor in Bradford last Friday.

Miss Ollie Todd of Port Allegany is visiting friends in town.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned Monday from a business visit to Buffalo.

Mrs. W. H. Miller and son of Winber, Pa., are visiting relatives here.

Attorney H. N. Rose of Port Allegany had business in town yesterday.

Mrs. George Shilleum is visiting relatives in Punxsutawney this week.

Editor Swisher of the Mt. Jewett News was a visitor in town Tuesday.

William Provin and sister, Miss Bessie, of Bolivar are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Hazelhurst was the guest of Smethport friends yesterday.

Hon. Myron Matson and Hon. J. M. McElroy had business at the convention Tuesday.

T. E. Hoskens of the Bradford Herald had business in town Tuesday and made us a call.

Mrs. H. Cohn of Bradford was the guest of Mrs. H. W. Rubin Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hon. L. Rogers was an interested spectator at the Republican county convention Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boorn of Belmont, N. Y., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Hopper.

Chas. O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter was in attendance at the convention on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Brown of Hazelhurst were guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker yesterday.

Elton Holden and Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany were in attendance at "Are You A Mason?" last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Johnson and Miss Leaha Brown left Tuesday for Toledo, Ohio, where they will spend the summer.

Cars Crash Into a House.

While making a flying switch at Austin one day last week a train crew on the B. & S. either forgot to set the brakes on two cars or bunted them too hard and they ran off the end of a siding and crashed into a dwelling house. The house was occupied by a family named Williams, but fortunately no one was in the building when the cars hit it. The house was moved four feet by the impact, and one of the little Williams children, who was playing in the yard when the crash came, was literally buried by the house and picks and shovels had to be used to remove her from under the building. To the surprise of the crowd that had gathered she was entirely uninjured.

Kane Republican Items.

Yesterday's Kane Republican contained the following interesting items:

D. Bacon and wife of Smethport were among the guests who attended the Elks' reception.

F. F. Riggall and wife, L. K. Hogarth and wife and Dr. W. A. Ostrander of Smethport attended the Elks' reception last evening.

Among those who attended the Republican county convention, which was held at Smethport yesterday, was our genial friend, Rick Donovan.

County Commissioner George Griffiths came over from the county seat last evening and took in the Elks' reception, returning to Smethport this morning.

"Reader" is Brief This Week.

The article by "Another Reader" in last week's MINER, was a well written one and presented the foreign mission custom in the light it is usually presented by zealous Christian workers. From a religious standpoint "Another Reader" is probably right and to argue the question from that position, one might have to express a slight disbelief in the doctrine usually accepted as gospel truth. As this would lead to further lengthy discussion, let us drop the matter right here.

READER.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending April 25, 1903.

Harry Eddy, Miss Belle O'Donnell 3, William Pearson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Reduced Rates to Atlanta.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the National Conference of Charities and Correction, to be held at Atlanta, Ga., May 6 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Atlanta from all stations on its lines, good going May 4 to 7, inclusive, and good to return to reach original starting point on or before May 16, at reduced rates.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

If you want Fishing Tackle go to Holmes & Gilfillan's.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS CARPETS MEN'S FURNISHINGS

CLEARANCE SALES.

Colored Shirt Waists

1-4 off this week.

This is an opportune sale, coming as it does so early in the season and is a genuine money saver.

We need the room they occupy for the display of white waists —that's the reason of this sale. These waists are this season's make and of the most desirable styles.

50c Waists, this week, 38c.
75c " " " 56c.
$1.00 " " " 75c.
1.25 " " " 94c.
1.50 " " " $1.13.
2.00 " " " 1.50.

Wash Goods,

Specials this week.

Egyptian Tissues.

A choice sheer good of a gingham weave, very desirable patterns for shirt waists, suits and children's dresses, etc.

32 in width.

25c regularly. Now 18c.

Pineapple Swiss.

Very attractive embroidered mull for summer gowns, etc. Better be quick if you want some. It won't last long at this price.

31 inches width.

25c regularly. Now 18c.

FRY & HERZOG.

SHINGLES.

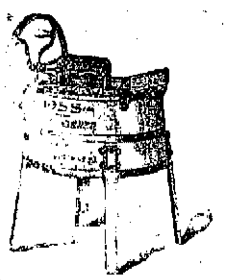
SHINGLES.

SHINGLES.

Three Kinds.

Also building material and lumber of every description.

J. C. Hamlin.



BOSS ROTARY WASAING MACHINE.

The only rotary washer made with a perfect cog wheel action. No bolts or screws to lose off, though the wheel turns right or left. Pin wheel or dasher reverses automatically, turning the clothes back and forth through the hot soap suds and cleaning them without rubbing them to pieces.

This washer is made by experienced mechanics and will out last any other washer on the market. The tub has wringer box fastened with heavy steel brackets. The lid on top closes tight. No escape of steam.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

Brasted's ICE CREAM By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

HER BANKERS

By C. E. Lewis

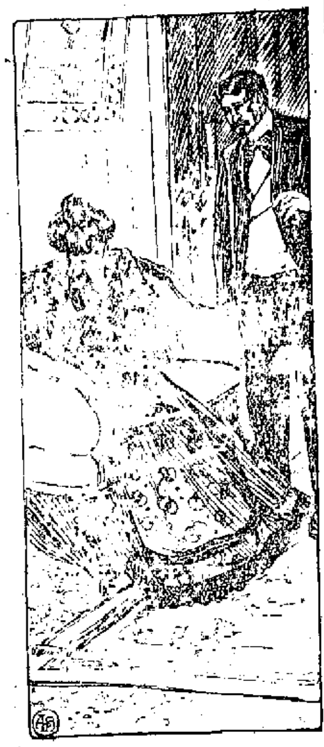
Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate

No other little blond widow has had such luck before or since. When she drove up to the seashore hotel in the bus, seven different men were instantly conscious of a feeling of admiration for her. She was petite and handsome and vivacious and—a widow.

Those seven men worked for introductions and got them. They worked to make an impression, and each succeeded. There were a Major Marsh, a Judge Truax, a Lawyer Hopkins, a real estate man, a capitalist and a contractor. It kept the little blond widow rather busy to entertain the seven and satisfy each one that the other six were totally indifferent to her, but by rising early and sitting up late she managed things very well indeed. She also managed to let it be known that her late deceased had left her something like a million dollars. She [illegible] very exact figures, but [illegible] might have also [illegible] the number of her admirers from seven to seventeen when it became known [illegible] she had money to burn, but [illegible] to the original number for the [illegible].

You can [illegible] at the seashore [illegible] the crest of a [illegible] month. Indeed, if you [illegible] love and propose within a fortnight you are looked upon as one who got there by mistake. Major Marsh had been acquainted with the little blond widow just thirteen days when he proposed marriage and was accepted. It wasn't a straight from the shoulder acceptance, but you understand how widows get around giving a square answer to such proposals. They blush or try their best to blush. They murmur something about its being very sudden, giggle a little, cast down their eyes, and all of a sudden a plump little hand steals into yours, and you have gained the victory.

The days went by and went by. The days couldn't help it, you know. The major had known the widow exactly



THE MAJOR FOUND THE DEAR LITTLE THING IN TEARS.

twenty-two days and had been engaged to her over a week when she sent him a note asking him to call on her. She hadn't appeared at breakfast that morning nor come down for her 11 o'clock bath, and he had been greatly worried. Little blond widows are as frail as little china teacups, and one can never tell when they may break to pieces.

The major had no wings to fly with, but he got to the ladies' parlor without loss of time and found the dear little thing in tears. They were tears of grief and anxiety, and each one resembled a pearl. Several things had happened all at once, she explained. Her lawyer in New York had gone out of town and failed to forward her quarterly check; two or three bills had come in unexpectedly, which is a way bills have of doing when one is short; a friend of hers at another resort had telegraphed her for a loan. Taken altogether, she was in a peck of trouble, and it would take a thousand dollars to get her out of it. She could, of course, telegraph her broker to sell some of her stocks, she could sacrifice some of her government bonds, she could even appeal to Judge Truax, who was a man of money, but—

What did the major do? Why, he put his arms around his dear little Laurie and patted her blond head and laughed at her for being troubled over such a trifle as that. The idea of her being worried and distressed for the want of a thousand dollars when he could place ten times that sum in her hands within an hour! Didn't she want two thousand—three thousand—five thousand instead? It was all the same to him—all in the family. No, she didn't want but one thousand, and she called him her dear George and wiped away her tears and looked cuter than ever. Stay, however! If he could just as well spare $2,000, she would use the odd thousand to set decorators at work in her New York mansion and give an order for her trousseau.

The major was almost vexed with her because she wouldn't accept $5,000 instead, but she was firm on that point. When he handed her the vulgar dross, he printed two long, lingering kisses on her ruby lips. Those kisses cost him just a thousand dollars apiece, but at the time he thought they were cheap at that.

After the kisses the widow named the wedding day. He was to meet her in Pittsburg two weeks from that day and be quietly married, and later on they would proceed to New York and her Fifth avenue mansion. Three days later she left for Pennsylvania to close up a coal mine affair that had been worrying her for some months, and the light of the major's life went out.

Two long weeks! It was an eternity to the major, especially as he only received one brief letter from the widow. The hours and days crept away, and one morning he started for Pittsburg. So did the judge, the lawyer and the three others hitherto named. The seven of them took the same train and rode in the same car. Each looked self satisfied and supercilious.

The major condescended to explain that he was going to Pittsburg on private business of great importance, and the others condescended to make the same explanation. The major murmured that it seemed curious that all seven of them should have private business [illegible] the same [illegible] and that no one [illegible] mentioned his journey [illegible] He then [illegible] that he was rather glad of their company, as they would be on the spot to congratulate him over a certain event, but they looked at him in an absent way and didn't see the point of the joke.

The gang reached Pittsburg in due time. Curiously enough, they all went to the same hotel, but no one tried to explain it. The major was the first to register and ascend to the ladies' parlor, but the other six were not long behind him. He remarked on the singularity of the thing, but the six looked at the toes of their boots and smiled. Seven cards had been sent upstairs to the little blond widow to tell her that her seven different admirers were waiting, but she didn't come down, and the landlord didn't know whether she was in Halifax or Texas.

Explanations were in order, of course. It was a drama in seven acts. Each one of the seven had been accepted by the widow, and each one had advanced her money and was to meet her in Pittsburg and lead her to the altar. For a time the seven called each other liars and scoundrels and shook their fists under each other's nose, but on [illegible] they finally swore [illegible]

The Policemen of Nice.

[illegible]

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"

"Yes. Is it on the [illegible]?"

"No; [illegible] is the [illegible]. [illegible]"

"Ah, I see; it is the Rue Lamartine."

"Oh, no; that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is"—

"The Rue Lamartine?"

"Oh, no; that is the Boulevard Dubouchage. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks, and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri! How are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you. Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up there for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are at the Rue Lamartine."—Argonaut.

The Result of an Accident.

Talleyrand was the greatest diplomatist of his day. His father was a military officer, and the boy would no doubt have been educated to the same profession but for an accident which befell him in childhood.

After the fashion of the time, he was intrusted to the care of a woman some miles away from home. While in her charge his foot was dislocated by a fall. It was not properly cared for, and his parents did not become aware of the fact until it was too late to correct the error.

The abnormal strain brought upon the other foot soon induced a lameness in that also, and the boy thus became a cripple for life. This seeming misfortune determined a change in the plans of his parents for him, and as a result the name of Talleyrand has become one of the most familiar among the great ones of modern history.

Terrible Life of the Epileptic.

Sufferers from epilepsy must be accounted among the most unfortunate of human beings. An early development of the malady darkens all the patient's prospects in life. However domestic his disposition, he cannot anticipate a home of his own. He is largely shut out from ordinary occupations. He is an unwelcome visitor in the social circle, and his own sensitiveness leads him to shrink from joining it. If he ventures upon the street, he is liable at any moment to be thrown violently to the ground; if he remains at home, he is in the same danger of falling downstairs or against the sharp corners of the furniture or upon a hot stove. He lives in perpetual dread.

UNSEEMLY KNOWLEDGE.

How It May Bar the Road to Pleasure In Conversation.

The social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure, we prefer that it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters,

All talk dies as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey.

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the chief of the weather bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that the man who knows no sooner enters the drawing room than he is seized by guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may account for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

In a Maori Wooing House.

Among the Maoris sometimes in the whare matoro (the wooing house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled for play, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting. When the fires burned low, a girl would stand up in the dark and say: "I love So-and-so. I want him for my husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "Yes," it was well. If only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand sometimes a mother would attend and say, "I want So-and-so for my son." If not acceptable, there was generally mocking, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing house) to themselves.

America's First Recorded Eclipse.

The first observations of an eclipse of the sun taken by American astronomers were made on Long Island, Penobscot bay, on Oct. 27, 1780. On that [illegible]

A Remarkable River.

On the African coast, near the [illegible] of Aden and connecting the [illegible] of Assal with the [illegible] is found one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. This curiosity does not flow to but from the ocean toward inland. The surface of Lake Assal itself is nearly 700 feet below the mean tide, and it is fed by this paradoxical river, which is about twenty-two miles in length. It is highly probable that the whole basin which the lagoon partly fills was once an arm of the sea which became separated therefrom by the duning of loose sand. The inflowing river has a limited volume, being fullest, of course, at high tide, and has filled the basin to such an extent that evaporation and supply exactly balance each other.

A Clever Retort.

A local preacher on the Isle of Man who was dividing his sermon into an interminable number of heads was interrupted by a shout from one of the congregation, impatient for the more solid matter of the sermon itself: "Mate (meat), mon; give us mate! It's mate we've come here to get!"

Without a moment's hesitation the preacher replied, "Then haul' on till I've done carvin.'"—London Saturday Review.

That Blessed Baby.

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "I've swallowed it!"

"Well, for goodness' sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way to Succeed.

If you would win success in life, don't waste time reading maxims and taking advice from the successful. Just get busy.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Base Insinuation.

Book Agent—Madam, have you read Bunyan's—

Mrs. Pepper—No, you impudent man; not even corns!—Boston Post.

If men were as good as they claim to be, they would not have to claim to be as good as they are.—Judge.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The mediaeval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelists, their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose once famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the dukes of York and Gloucester. Cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 200 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

Wet Weather and Camels.

Camels are very sensitive to moisture. In the region of tropical rains [illegible] and as they [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] of the rainy season are greatly feared. The great humidity of the air explains the absence of the camel from the northern slopes of the Atlas and from well wooded Abyssinia. This sensitiveness expresses itself in the character of different races.

The finest, most noble looking camels, with short silklike hair, are found in the interior of deserts, as in the Tuareg region, in north Africa, and they cannot be used for journeys to moist regions. Even in Fezzan, south of Tripoli, the animals are shorter and fatter, with long, coarse hair, and in Nile lands and on coasts it is the same. These animals, too, are less serviceable as regards speed and endurance.—Nature.

Birds Plant Trees.

An old time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says those birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks and that they frequent pinon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the [illegible]

How He Lost $1,000,000.

[illegible] "Why," he said, "if I could only find that boy tonight, I'd make him a present of $1,000,000."

"I could restrain myself no longer at this point. I burst into tears. 'Senator,' I said, 'I am that red haired boy. Behold the boy in me!'

"But Hearst said, 'Ochiltree, you lie!'

"And thus I lost a million."

The Pale Yellow Kind.

There is a double joke in this story which the New York Mail and Express relates. A little girl, riding with her mother in a street car, was much attracted by an amber necklace worn by a lady who sat opposite.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "are those beans that the lady has on a string around her neck?"

"No, no, my dear," said her mother in confusion. "They are very pretty beads."

"But, mamma," persisted the child, "they look just like those beans papa wouldn't eat last night!"

Superfluous Implement.

"Here, madam," said the peddler at the back door, "I have a most useful little household instrument. It is a combined screwdriver, buttonhook, can opener, latchkey, lamp cleaner, letter opener, paper cutter, pipe fixer and penknife. Can I sell you one?"

"Sell me one?" repeated the housekeeper. "What do I want with one? Can't you see that I wear hairpins?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Business Man.

Excited Neighbor—What do you let that boy of yours build a bonfire in my back yard for?

Placid Neighbor—Isn't your yard insured?

E. N.—No, it isn't.

P. N.—That's all right. I'm an insurance agent. Here's my card.

Before and After.

The Adorer—It's wonderful, old man, what love will enable a fellow to see in a girl that he never saw before.

The Onlooker—No doubt, but it's equally wonderful what it won't let him see that he'll see later.

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. H. Mee[illegible], Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Barrle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—H. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hogberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yetson.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stack.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—F. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; L. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—L. A. Holder.
Auditors—[illegible], John Eastman, Al[illegible] Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, [illegible] Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BEAL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. F. SUTTON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 222, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings, each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge No. [illegible], meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerr's Hall.

Z. H. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. L. [illegible], Recorder.

[illegible]

L. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (11:33 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 37	Smith's Run	11 1[illegible]
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 47	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M

Connections are made with train 8 leaving Johnsonburg at 11:36 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 201, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan. 5, 1902.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

[illegible] a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Day's, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

[illegible] p. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

3:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Day's, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m. and 1:15 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective June 23, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

M. S. PLANK, [illegible]
[illegible] Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY [illegible] Time Table No. [illegible], to take effect Monday, March [illegible], 1902.

Ar Eastward			STATIONS	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ulysses	[illegible]	2.[illegible]	9.[illegible]
[illegible]	6.5[illegible]	2.16	Lowell	[illegible]	2.32	9.[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1.5[illegible]	Gunnertown	[illegible]	2.34	9.2[illegible]
7.[illegible]	6.28	1.[illegible]	Perkins	7.[illegible]	2.37	9.2[illegible]
7.3[illegible]	6.23	[illegible]	Newfield June	[illegible]	2.[illegible]	9.31
o	o	1.45	Newfield	[illegible]	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.43	2.40	9.4[illegible]
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bridges	8.0[illegible]	3.[illegible]5	10.02
6.35	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Franks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Coudersp't	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.3[illegible]
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.53
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.21
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Six Yards Of Yarn

By ALICE MACGOWAN

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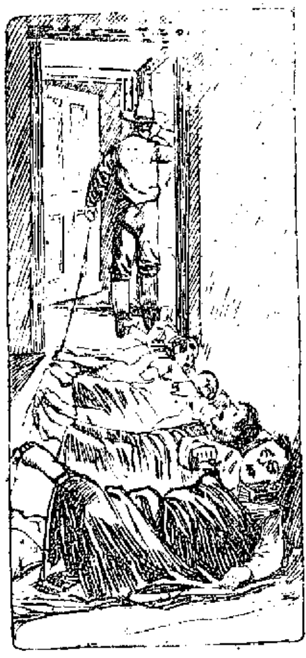
The dust rose in choking clouds. The feet of the dancers thudded a dull accompaniment to the wailing music which the Mexican sheep shearers drew from harp and guitar. One or two men were dancing with spurs on till a ripped dress and a shrill feminine protest excluded them from the floor.

It was a ranch dance at Billy Motlow's Bar 13 ranchhouse, and the ladies who graced the occasion, except Louise Morrison and Miss Willie Porter, the schoolteacher, were all married women. Their numerous progeny had been stowed in an adjoining room. Mrs. Billy, aware of what would be expected, had made a bed of blankets and comfortables along one wall. There the youngsters reposed, their bare toes sticking out toward the beholder.

Poor Gene McKnight leaned against a doorcasing and watched the dancers. He was outcast from the whole festivity since he might not even speak to Louise Morrison. The girl looked pale, heavy eyed and unhappy. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Zack Morrison, who rejoiced in the singularly felicitous nickname of "Chubb," a round faced, tight skinned, red cheeked, black beady eyed woman, dancing in the same set with Louise, kept a sharp lookout that McKnight got nowhere near her charge. She was bounding like a rubber ball through the figures, her small black eyes snapping with delight. She could afford to enjoy herself, for her attitude toward McKnight and her intentions concerning her husband's sister were matters well known and clearly understood by all present. The bachelor population of the county, disporting itself in the dance and pretty much all of it actual or potential suitors of Louise, [illegible]

Gene McKnight [illegible] of six feet [illegible] Packsaddle [illegible]



HE GAVE A GOOD STRONG PULL ON HIS END OF THE YARN STRING.

[illegible] had come up rapidly from cow puncher, wagon boss, ranch boss, to have a nice bunch of cattle and a good ranch of his own. When lovely Louise Morrison, then only seventeen years old, came out to stay with her brother Zack on his Texas ranch, the Open M., she became at once in that community of eligible bachelorhood a belle and the possessor of many desirable suitors. Gene, whose ranch, the Lazy K., adjoined the Open M., soon made it plain that she had his heart, and the girl, artless and impulsive and with no vestige of the coquette in her makeup, allowed it to appear as plainly that her own was given to Gene in exchange.

The disappointed swains took their defeat as becomes men, and all would now have gone well for the lovers had it not been for Mrs. Chubb's only and adored offspring, Beauregard, a youth of some four summers, and, as Packsaddle declared to a man, "the orneriest brat that ever dragged his lariat round over the Texas Panhandle." The seemingly favorable fact of propinquity was what probably procured Gene's downfall, for, waxing familiar with the young man's personality, not to say his anatomy, Beauregard proceeded to practice upon him the methods pursued toward his mother, his cat and his toys.

Mrs. Chubb's darling had apparently decided in his infantile mind to destroy McKnight. The process having gone about as far as was safe—and much further than was comfortable—and no remonstrance being offered by the sweetly smiling Mrs. Chubb, McKnight firmly but kindly restrained the young cannibal from the actual demolition of his features.

It was enough—it was more than enough. Mrs. Chubb never forgave this slighting behavior toward her cherished offspring. Indeed, the more she thought of the matter the bitterer she waxed until McKnight was forbidden the house. Mrs. Chubb declared that she would rather hand Louise over to a horse thief than to a brute like Gene McKnight, who would undoubtedly beat her since he would go so far as to cruelly mistreat a little child and before its own mother's eyes.

Poor Gene thought of these things as he leaned against the doorway and looked on at the dance. Now, this doorway led to the room where the children were stowed. A yap and a slight scuffle among them attracted his attention and appeared to suggest something. He glanced at Chubb Morrison. What if the plot which had just flashed into his mind offered not only a solution of his and Louise's troubles, but a chance to get even with this redoubtable matron and her ill tempered youngster, who had made Louise's life a burden ever since she came to the Open M.!

Gene hurried out to the corral, made certain arrangements there, then slipped back into the children's room, where he proceeded to connect all those bare and stubby toes one with the other at good liberal distances by a firmly attached line of yarn. He first tried it thoughtfully and doubled it after doing so. "I don't want to exactly jerk their toes out," he muttered, "and yet the Lord knows fer he made 'em that 'twould serve most of 'em about right."

This done, he went back to his post at the doorway and gave a good strong pull on his end of the yarn string. There ensued a subdued growling in the room behind him which waxed and grew to a series of howls, in which every species of juvenile voice entreated for "Mommer!" "Maw!" "Mammy!" The din, flowing like a tidal wave over the music of the orchestra, reached the ears of Mrs. Chubb. She paused in her evolutions, flung up her head like a warhorse that sniffs the battle and bounced, as Gene afterward declared, with one mighty bounce clean into the middle of the struggling juvenility in the next room.

"And I reckon," he added always in telling the story, "that it was plumb time she should git thar, for them young uns was jest a-eatin' each other's heads off all simultaneous."

This was the last of his actual observations. As he turned toward the ballroom to find what chance the diversion gave him with Louise he met Billy Motlow's wife and the spouse of Nick Doyle both charging toward the children's room with fury written upon their countenances.

[illegible] Gene found Louise [illegible] he whispered in the [illegible] in his [illegible] escaped [illegible] the corral.

And back in "the court of the children" the fight raged awfully. The men, great easy going giants in clumsy cowboy boots, stood back in foolish helplessness while their wives pulled, jerked, thrust and screamed with shrill voices and blazing eyes.

Children were snatched and clawed back and forth along with the exchange of much biting reproach and invective, inquired of, violently rejected, the yarn weaving in and out and round and through, the youngsters shifting the air at every jerk, until some woman a little saner than the others discovered its existence and displayed it to the onlookers.

A sudden pause of amazement followed this revelation, and upon this abrupt stillness burst a very full explanation of both its authorship and its purpose, for there flashed across the light space outside the windows a stream of galloping ponies, followed and driven by a mounted man and a girl, Gene swinging his lariat and whooping joyously, and Louise lending a willing hand and voice to the work.

And Zack Morrison's foghorn tones were lifted: "There, now! Gene McKnight's done it good with Louise while you all was scrappin' here over the [illegible] the young uns. Stampeded the ponies too! They ain't a hoof left to chase 'em on, an' I'm glad of it!"

How He Joined the Church.

The story is told that on one of our missionary fields a native approached the missionary and declared that he wished to join the church. He was carefully examined, as is the custom, and answered satisfactorily most if not all of the questions put to him. Just before completing the examination the missionary asked the native if he had a wife. "Yes," he replied, "I have two." "Well," said the missionary, "we cannot receive you into the church if you have two wives. We are sorry, because you give a good account of yourself, but so long as you have two wives we cannot receive you into the membership of the church." Some time elapsed and the native appeared again before the missionary and stated that there was now no objection to his entering the church. The missionary said, "How about your second wife?" "Oh," replied the native, "that's all right. I have eaten her."—London Standard.

A Magisterial Logician.

A bailie of Glasgow was noted for the simplicity of his manners on the bench. A youth was charged before him with abstracting a handkerchief from a gentleman's pocket. The indictment being read, the bailie, addressing the prisoner, remarked, "I hae nae doot ye did the deed, for I had a handkerchief ta'en oot o' my ain pouch this verra week." The same magisterial logician was on another occasion seated on the bench when a case of serious assault was brought forward by the public prosecutor. Struck by the powerful phraseology of the indictment, the bailie proceeded to say, "For this malicious crime ye are fined seven and sixpence." The assessor remarked that the case had not yet been proved. "Then," said the magistrate, "we'll just mak' the fine 5 shillings."—London Tit-Bits.

IN THE STOKEHOLD.

Feeding the Very Ravenous Furnaces In an Ocean Liner.

The work of eternally pushing the old ship forward past the meridians, the [illegible] large coal [illegible] and the interest in the money centers in the gloomy stokehold. You have heard that the stokehold is hot, and when you have clambered into it over disorderly piles of still smoking ashes, steadying yourself by taking momentary hold of burning hand rails, and stand for the first time face to face with the furnaces you feel assured of the fact.

But, besides being hot, it is the most active, interesting part of the ship. It is her whole life. You must spend years studying it before you can stand there in command of your watch with your hand on the feed check valves, your eyes on everything in general, and keep the steam up where it belongs in spite of the ravenous engines sucking it away from you; years before you can tell, in one swift glance, whether a fireman is burning the greatest possible amount of coal per hour in his fires with the least amount of waste.

The problem is this: Under a certain large quantity of water, which is continually changing, build thirty fires, and by means of them, notwithstanding they must all be continually replenished with fresh coal and freed from ashes, keep it at a perfectly even temperature (within a very few degrees) day and night for an indefinite period. The game is the more interesting because a ship can never afford to spare more than just barely enough space for her propelling machinery; consequently everything, engines, boilers, furnaces must be worked to the very limit of its capacity.

The game goes as regularly by turns and in cycles as progressive whist. Starting with a few fires first in order, the doors are opened to admit a few shovelfuls of coal thrown quickly into the front of the furnaces, then closed again as soon as possible lest too much cold air should enter. As soon as they are closed the fires next in order are served the same way and then a third group. Next the "green" coal in the first fires is [illegible] through the furnaces [illegible] combustion. After [illegible]

How Chinese Hatch Fish.

The Chinese [illegible] ing the spawn of [illegible] equally destroy a large portion of it. The fishermen collect with care from the margin and surface of water all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish, and after they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched and are kept in pure, fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China.

A Bad Country For Hats.

Hats have a hard time in China. The climate, alternating from intense dryness to a [illegible] twists and distorts silk, beaver, cloth and felt in no time. Mold and fungus are universal and eat out sweatband and [illegible] green velvet in a single night. Every hat must be put out in the sunlight three times a week or it is ruined. Besides these foes are ants, which go everywhere and cockroaches, which [illegible]. The ant enjoys a good hat for a playground and a sleeping [illegible], the cockroach desires greedily to eat every particle of leather, paper and pasteboard it contains. The only way to keep the pests off is to sprinkle the interior occasionally with carbolic acid, creosote or crude cresol.

Unconscious Sarcasm.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins very seriously, "I have bought you a little book as a present."

"Very kind of you."

"I hope you won't be offended, but it is something that I feel you ought to read. It is about betting."

"I don't know that I care for any sermons, even if I do lose occasionally."

"It isn't a sermon, Charley, dear. It is a little book entitled 'Poker and How to Play It.'"—Washington Star.

A Homely Man.

John James Heidegger, manager of the opera house in the Haymarket, in London, in the times when George was king, one day laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that he would not find in all London an uglier face than his. After a long search the earl produced a woman of St. Giles who at first seemed to outvie the manager, but when the latter put on the woman's cap he was allowed to retain the palm of ugliness.

George's Kind Permission.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime!"

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl, after a pause. "George says if you're sleepy go to bed, by all means."—Toledo Bee.

Just So.

"The poor fellow went blind and crazy at the same time."

"Ah, I see—out of sight, out of mind!"—Smart Set.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.—Carlyle.

WHEN ASHLEY CANCELED

By WILLIAM MORRIS

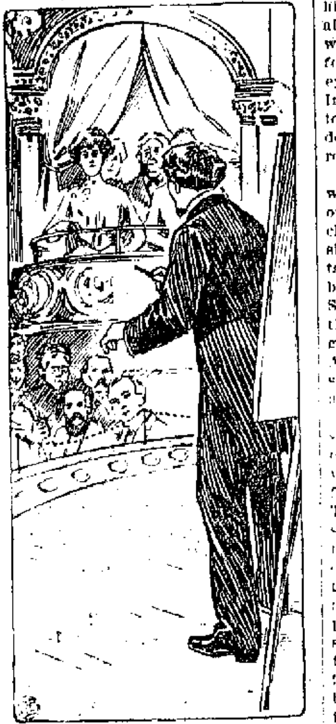
Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate

"Herbert Ashley, lightning illustrator."

So ran the legend on the programme. But the audience which was patiently sitting through the early number of the continuous bill barely gave the line a glance. The headliners they all knew and were anticipating with pleasure, but they wanted to see no succession of snowstorms, vividly colored marines and sketchy figures which when completed could be turned upside down and prove to be something entirely different.

But, while the public and the managers cared nothing for the lightning artist and considered him a necessary evil to be used in filling in between acts the people in his own little world behind the scenes regarded him with a curious interest not unmixed with respect.

When Mamie Remington, the toe dancer, confided to her best friend that the chalk fakir was "real elegant" and



IN THE RIGHT HAND BOX SAT MABEL STANTON WITH A PARTY.

far above his business, she voiced the sentiments of all the actors who had come in direct contact with him. Yet much as they wondered, none dared approach Ashley a second time on the subject of his family history.

What Ashley declined to make public was the fact that once on a time his name, Ashton in those days, had been signed to canvases on the select walls of London and Paris. It was before he met Mabel Stanton. At [illegible]

The retired [illegible] social following. He made no distinction between the rising young painter of portraits and the men who drew garish advertisements on the fences along railroad tracks.

Rather than have his daughter wedded to a loafing Bohemian, as he dubbed Ashton, he whisked Mabel back to America, though to do him justice, he paid Ashton handsomely for the portrait. Part of this money the artist promptly turned into a steamship ticket and followed the woman of his heart, recklessly turning his back on fame. He reached America only to learn that his ladylove had been taken for a two years' tour around the world.

The fame he had begun to make in London availed him little in busy, bustling New York, and he drifted into doing pot boilers for an art dealer who recognized the young fellow's talent, but preferred getting salable stuff at cost rather than to advance the interests of budding genius. Finally there came a day when heartache and ill prepared food did their work. Ashton was lifted into an ambulance and hurried to the City hospital.

"Brain fever," was the verdict.

He came back to life, and yet the hand of death seemed still to hover above him. He could draw with mechanical correctness, but there was no life, no soul, in his work. He realized somehow that there had been no soul in what he had done since he put the last touch on Mabel Stanton's portrait.

In the cheap boarding house whither he went from the hospital he met a gymnast who became interested in the work of this man who could draw rapidly if unfeelingly. The vaudeville performer suggested an engagement as a lightning artist. Ashton felt it was not his to choose. One must live or be a coward. He had rather prided himself on his ability to fight it out. And perhaps in the new life he might woo back the talent he had lost for love. But he changed the last syllable of his name. Perhaps some day—

He had made an inoffensive filler on vaudeville bills for over a year and had grown almost resigned to his monotonous life when one afternoon on his way to the theater he glanced at the so called social record of a notoriously unreliable daily. But he forgot its reputation for inaccuracies when he saw the announcement of Mabel's engagement to a young army officer of high social standing.

So this was the end. Fiercely something seemed to seethe and boil within him. It was she who had clouded his life and stolen his cunning. And she had taught him to love her. She had wooed him at every sitting for that marvelous portrait which instead of bringing him fame had taken with it his chance for success and happiness.

In this condition he gazed stupidly at the note handed him by the doorkeeper at the stage entrance. He was not to go on so early as usual this afternoon. He would, in fact, precede the strong man recently imported from abroad and who was creating a tremendous sensation and attracting fashionable folk to the continuous houses. Ashley thoroughly understood the reason of the change in his hour and thought bitterly as he slipped on his shabby Tuxedo coat that it was simply because the manager wanted him to work out front while the stage hands were setting the heavy scene for the strong man.

With equal dullness and lack of interest he stepped on the stage when his call came. As he bowed mechanically he glanced across the footlights with idle curiosity. Then he leaned forward, a sudden light flamed in his eyes, and his pulse throbbed violently. In the right hand box sat Mabel Stanton with a party of smart people, evidently bent upon seeing the latest European sensation.

He turned to the blackboard over which had been stretched some sheets of white paper and reached for the charcoal with which to draw his first sketch. Then for a moment he hesitated, wondering if this peculiar throbbing in his head would never cease. Some one in the audience coughed; there was a restless rustling of programmes. They were waiting for him. And still he stood, swaying slightly, the sheets of paper gleaming before his aching eyes.

Then suddenly [illegible] seemed to [illegible] They were not [illegible] strokes of the charcoal [illegible] now. There was the [illegible] old time power in his hand. He forgot his audience. The twelve minutes allotted to him on the programme passed, but he paid no heed. The stage manager signaled him violently from the wings. "He's been drinking!" exclaimed that astute gentleman, but he dared not risk a scene by having him removed bodily.

For twenty minutes he worked on feverishly, then stood aside. A ripple of surprise seemed to run over the expectant house, then cheers, for even to the boys in the gallery that picture was instinct with life and truth and genius. A girl leaned forward in the right hand box. The audience glanced from her to the picture and back to the girl. Then came another thunder of applause. Ashley was backing uncertainly off the stage. In the entrance he fell fainting at the stage manager's feet.

He came to in his dingy dressing room [illegible] thrilled by the presence of the woman he loved. He [illegible] from far [illegible]

"If [illegible] I've fought [illegible] after all these years in exile. I have my own [illegible] and nothing shall separate us."

He clung to her hand like a tired child.

"And I can work again." It was [illegible] turned whimsically to the [illegible] who had come round from the front of the house to learn what it was all about.

"Mr. Kean, I guess you'd better get some one else to work in 'one.' I've just made a date that is going to last."

Proportions of a Perfect Figure.

The height of a person with a perfect figure should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand when the arms are fully extended.

Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest from one armpit to the other should also give the height of the whole body.

The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be exactly midway between the first named point and the ground at the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast.

From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits and from the heel to the toe.

The Air In a Room.

Given a medium sized sitting room with four people and two gas jets, the air must be changed every fifty minutes to keep it pure. As air is heated it expands and becomes lighter per cubic foot. If all the air is heated equally, it remains at rest after expansion, but if hot air is in the presence of cold air the latter, by reason of its heaviness, forces its way down and drives the hot air up. The moving force of air currents is the greater weight of the colder air. This, then, is the force by which we are to drive out foul air and put pure air in its place. Pure external air will always drive out foul air if you give it a chance.

THE CRY FOR SLEEP.

Slumber Is of Greater Importance to Life Than Is Food.

In "Witchery of Sleep" it is pointed out that "the cry for sleep is even more vital than the cry for bread." [illegible] depends on both, but we eat [illegible] while we sleep to live. Sleep is of far greater importance than food for the preservation of life. Sleep is the finest thing in physic. It has neither substitute nor rival. Take away sleep, hope even is gone, nothing is left. Most of the mischievous stories told about the ability of great men to do without sleep are untrue, and the foolish man who reads that Napoleon slept only three or four hours at night and cuts down his own hours of sleep might better open a vein and lose a quart of blood than lose the sleep which is life itself. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon, an inconceivably foolish, reckless man in matters affecting his physical welfare, did deprive himself of sleep in his early years, but he paid for it dearly. In his last battles his power of resistance was so slight that he actually went to sleep during the fighting. Chronic drowsiness weakened his brain, weakened his force of character. The foundation of his downfall was laid in Russia, when lack of sleep and unwise living generally had taken away his mental elasticity, deprived him of all power to form and carry out resolutions and resulted in his final ruin.

Four Ways to Health.

Hygienic living demands imperatively the absolute purity of the four following necessities: Air, water, food and thoughts. Granted these, you have the constituents out of which nature formulates such a perfect creature that the inward purity seems to lend a radiance to the personality. It is not simply a few breaths of fresh air a half dozen times a day that a woman needs, but a continuous supply, and just as the greater part of women are half starved for fresh air so they are also stinted, oftener from ignorance than necessity, in the quantity of water the body requires to keep it clean and healthy. Pleasure of a pure, elevating nature has come to be recognized as having a distinctly therapeutic effect and hence to be one of those factors which merit the same consideration and attention as other necessities in a well ordered life.

A Dream and a Reality.

An Irishman and a Scotchman once went traveling through a western state. It happened that one afternoon they shot a single quail, which would do for the breakfast of one of them on the following morning. Knowing that the bird was not enough for two, they agreed to have it eaten by the one who should have the best dream during the night.

When they woke early in the morning, the Irishman said to the Scotchman, "An' phwat did you dhream, Sandy?"

"Well," answered the Scot, "I dreamed that I saw a beautiful basket descend from heaven, and then I got into it and was borne up to paradise."

"Ah! I dhreamed," said the Irishman, "that I saw you goin' up an' thought you wouldn't come back, an' so I ate the quail."

Heaven a Home of Wealth.

Yass, I [illegible] happiness a plenty [illegible] open fields [illegible] the doctor. [illegible] they's even wealth an' [illegible] maybe, [illegible] wealth. Why, the way I read Scripture [illegible] is a home of wealth. "Many mansions" sounds that a way. [illegible] streets [illegible] they won't anything [illegible] An' sometimes I've thought that maybe it meant to [illegible] understand [illegible] was to be trod and [illegible] all the Revelational jewels, why, they seem to be set either in the walls or doors or somewhere, not in loose piles to be swapped or squabbled over. No riches to possess, but these wealth to enjoy.—Ruth McEnery Stuart in Century.

The Mouths of Leaves.

The botanist, the real investigator who has got down to making real explorations for himself, will talk to you about the thousands of minute stomates on the surface of a leaf. These invisible stomates are really the mouths through which the leaves take in carbonic acid. They are most abundant on the upper surface of leaves. Each is an oval opening guarded by a pair of lips, which open and close according to requirements. They vary from less than 1,000 to more than 20,000 to the square inch of leaf surface.

A Graceful Compliment.

Some famous compliments have been paid to members of the sterner sex, and one of the most gracefully turned was that uttered by Boileau, who, when the virtuous De Mesmes, president of the parliament of Paris, was elected an academician, congratulated him in these terms: "I have come to you, sir, in order that you may congratulate me on having you for one of my fellow academicians."

A Finished Orator.

Tourist—Larkins, who came out here two years ago—he blossomed into quite a public speaker, didn't he?

Bowlder Jim—Yep. I s'pose he's what you'd call a finished orator. Made a speech denouncin' the boys for lynchin' a greaser hoss thief, and they finished him.—Kansas City Journal.

None Better.

"My uncle died yesterday, sir, and I want you to officiate. Can you say something nice about him?"

"But I didn't know him."

"Good! You're just the man."—Life.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

THE CAR SICK HORSE

HOW A RAILROAD JOURNEY AFFECTED A HIGH BRED HACKNEY

Bonfire's Trip to the Horse Show and Why It Ended so Disastrously—A Terrifying Ride in a Wheeled Box After a Hothouse Training.

The story of what happened to a high bred hackney when he was sent by rail to the horse show is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Bonfire was the hackney's name, but he did not look at all fiery at the moment. The author says of him:

In his stomach was a queer feeling which he did not at all understand. In his head was a dizziness which made him wish that the stall would not move about so. Streaks of pain shot along his backbone and slid down his legs. Hot and cold flashes swept over his body, for Bonfire had a bad case of car sickness, a malady differing from seasickness largely in name only, also a well developed cold complicated by nervous indigestion.

Tuned to the key, he had left the home stables. Then they had led him into that box on wheels, and the trouble had begun. Men shouted; bells clanged; whistles shrieked. Bonfire felt the box start with a jerk and, thumping, rumbling, jolting, swaying, move somewhere off into the night.

In an agony of apprehension, neck stretched, eyes staring, ears pointed, nostrils quivering, legs stiffened, Bonfire waited [illegible] end. But of end there seemed to be none. Shock after shock Bonfire [illegible] and still found himself within [illegible]. What it all meant he could not guess. There were the other horses that had been taken with him into the box, some placidly munching hay, others [illegible]. There were the [illegible] grooms who [illegible] patted his neck and [illegible]. [illegible] So he stood for many hours, [illegible] and swinging, listening to the noises, feeling the motion and trembling as one with ague.

Of course it was absurd for Bonfire to go to pieces in that fashion. You can ship a Missouri Mule around the world, and he will finish almost as sound as he started. But Bonfire had blood and breeding and a pedigree which went back to Lady Alice of Burn Brae, Yorkshire.

His colthood had been a sort of hot house existence, for Lochlynne, you know, is the toy of a Pennsylvania coal baron who breeds hackneys not for profit, but for the joy there is in it, just as other men grow orchids and build cup defenders. At the Lochlynne stables they turn on the steam heat in November. On rainy days you are exercised in a glass roofed tan bark ring and hour after hour you are handled over deep straw to improve your action. You breathe the outdoor air only in high fenced grass paddocks, around which you are driven in a single rig by a cockney groom imported with the pigskin saddles and British condition powders. From the day your name is written in the studbook until you leave you have balanced food, all wool blankets, fly nettings and coddling that never ceases. Yet this is the method that rounds you into perfect hackney form.

All this had been done for Bonfire and with apparent success, but a few hours of railroad travel had left him with a set of nerves as tensely strung as those of a high school girl on graduation day. That is why a draft of cold air had chilled him to the bone; that is why, after reaching the Garden, he had gone as limp as a cut rose at a ball.

The Music of Thunder.

The bass of thunder is considerably lower than the lowest sound produced in an orchestra—below the zero of music, we call it, at which all positive apprehension of musical sound ceases and our senses are merely conscious of a roar. In observing the music of thunder our attention, however, may be most profitably directed to the expression rather than to the notes. The musical diminuendo is more perfectly represented by thunder than by any other form of sound in nature. After the first clap is over the ear will pursue with pleasure the rolling away and gradual fainting of the peal, until at immeasurable distance it sinks into silence.

A Curious God.

Among the most extraordinary pieces of symbolism known to have been used by the early Asiatics was a figure of a donkey's head used as a representative of the Deity. There is no doubt whatever that the same emblem was once used among the Hittites, the Egyptians and one or two other nations as a symbol of their red god, Sut. The superstition of the yellow donkey of India, the story of the swift ass of eastern Asia and the ass of Dionysius and many other marvelous ass stories are all survivals of that curious form of religious wroship, the adoration of the ass' head.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

Miss Inez Sentz—It's true I'm engaged to Mr. Rounders. The other night he told me I was the only girl he ever loved, and—

Miss Truster—Where's the ring? Didn't he give you one?

Miss Inez Sentz—Oh, yes, the very next day, but I sent it back to the jeweler to be fixed. The stupid engraver made the inscription "Jack to Gwendoline" instead of "Inez."—Philadelphia Press.

The Novel Reader.

Coddie—Whenever I see you, you are reading a novel. You don't mean to say you remember all of them?

Short—Dear me, no! It's because I don't remember them I like to read them.—Boston Transcript.

You can always find some one to agree with you even if your conclusions are not complimentary to yourself.—Atchison Globe.

Presidents Ate With Their Knives.

All our earlier presidents ate with their knives. Presidents George Washington, his successor John Adams, the [illegible] Thomas Jefferson, the learned James Madison, [illegible] James Monroe [illegible] his knife. John Quincy Adams was the first president who used the fork. And his wife felt it necessary to explain to the guests at the White House that Mr. Adams had learned to eat with his fork while in Europe and [illegible] he could not overcome the habit. Andrew Jackson restored the "republican simplicity" of eating with his knife. All of those we have named also poured their tea or coffee into their saucers to cool it. It is related of General Taylor that when he was president he could be seen in the streets of Washington early in the morning with a market basket on his arm going from one butcher to another and bargaining for a steak of a rib roast. If he had bargained less persistently, he might have served out his term, for we have heard it was owing to the inferior quality of the cherries he ate on the Fourth of July, 1850, that sickness attacked him and he died on the 9th of July.—Utica Observer.

Feline Ethics.

A correspondent sends the following story to Animal Life:

"I called the kitten," writes the correspondent, "who sprang from her basket where she had been lying with her mother and followed me into the next room. The cat followed, growling warningly, and, taking it up by the neck, I replaced it in the basket. Again I called; once again it came at my call. This time the mother, growling still more threateningly, followed us again, but this time she seized the kitten by the tail instead of the neck, evidently as a punishment, and pulled it roughly along, the kitten mewing hopelessly. For a third time I called, and once more it came to me, but this time the mother was silent. She came, took up the kitten, dragged it off and then began to beat it most [illegible] in order to secure its obedience. This method was successful, and the next time I called it was in vain."

The Lion's Roar.

Major Austin, writing of his travels in central Africa, says: "The grandest, the most awe inspiring, the most tremendous voice on earth issues from the throat of the king of beasts, the lion. It is difficult to describe that mighty roar booming out into the silence of the night and seeming to shake the very ground on which one [illegible]. It makes one feel pretty insignificant, of no account, when his majesty voices his satisfaction at having dined well on some poor unsuspecting antelope which has allowed itself to fall under the [illegible] of that ponderous paw. The roar [illegible] die together, a deadly stillness follows; there is a catch in one's breath, and it is with a sense of relief a whisper perhaps of 'Simba shiba' (the lion is satiated) arises and conversation gradually resumes its flow."

Rebuking an Organist.

An organist had for some time been trying to extract a compliment from Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, a well known divine of Franklin, Mass. The [illegible] for [illegible] a [illegible] used sparingly, however.

"The organ is not as powerful as it looks," said the organist after one of the services. "Some of the pipes are false, placed there only for effect."

"Ah," exclaimed the doctor, his features brightening, "there are times when even a clergyman may prefer the false to the real."

True Politeness.

Be careful not to confound politeness with the automatic following of social rules, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Do not seek to do only as others do even if it is the very makers of the social laws. Preserve your originality. No one may move wholly according to rules and be natural. Remember that a bit of the milk of human kindness, a few grains of good common sense, mixed well with a desire to "do unto others," is a splendid recipe for success in most walks of life.

Would Help Her Out.

Mrs. Hiram—You may stay until your week is up, Bridget, but when you go I must tell you I won't be able to write you a letter of recommendation.

Bridget—Don't let yer want of eddication imbarrass ye, madam. Oi'll write it fur ye, an' ye can make yer mark to it.—Philadelphia Press.

Hardly a Love Match.

Miss Smilax—And so Miss Passe and Mr. Gotbix really got married. Was it a love match?

Mary—On the contrary, I should call it a hate match.

Miss Smilax—Why? I don't understand you.

Mary—Why, she hated to be an old maid, and he hated to be poor.

Today.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule tomorrow. Sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh with the birch rod and the ferule, and after that another morrow with troubles of its own. —Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Their Privilege.

Applicant—And if we want certain changes made in the flat—

Janitor—Well, when people want 'em very bad they generally move.—Brooklyn Life.

Something Missing.

Little Mildred, aged three, said one day when she stood up:

"Isn't it funny when folks stand up they haven't any laps?"—Little Chronicle.

Not He.

"Does he interest himself in books?"

"No," sniffed Mrs. Newrich; "my husband has clerks to do that for him." —Detroit Free Press.

A clarion voice in a novel means something very disagreeable in real life—a loud talker.—Atchison Globe.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

The dance at Tyler's hall last Friday evening was without doubt a financial success. Guests were present from Rew City, Smethport, Bradford, Coryville and Sartwell. All report a fine time.

Mrs. Samuel Lewis was called to [illegible] last Monday by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Moss of that place.

Mrs. McDowell, of [illegible] called on Mrs. D. W. Derby last Monday. She was enroute to Wrights Corners where she will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family of Coryville have moved into one of our vacant houses. The valley is booming, from all indications.

Mrs. Frank Caldwell has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Warner of Bradford.

Mrs. Orman Dickerson and children of Clermont spent a few days with relatives in town.

Mrs. McCauley of Instanter has been spending a few days with relatives in this vicinity.

Miss Tina Otto of the Cottage House, Smethport, passed through town last Sunday.

William Tanner of East Smethport called on relatives here one day last week.

Miss Bessie Skinner of Hazelhurst is employed in this vicinity for the summer.

Miss Fannie Trexton has been down from the county seat visiting friends.

Pat Lane of Smethport was renewing old acquaintances in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Otto were shopping in Smethport last Friday.

Mrs. Mary Lyons of Potato Creek visited friends here Monday.

Miss Lucy Tanner has returned to her home in State Line Mills.

Louis Cleveland called on friends in this vicinity last Monday.

Miss Nellie McGill was shopping in Coryville recently.

George Irons wheeled to the county seat on Sunday.

Mrs. Herzog is visiting relatives in Colegrove.

A new industry will soon start on the east side.

Alphabetical Significance.

A writer in the Garden has discovered that many of the worst foes of the horticulturist begin with "w," and he instances worms, weevils, wind and other workers of wickedness. This, writes a correspondent, suggests a question as to whether there is any natural grouping of good or evil things under particular letters. Take "b," for example and consider how many boons and blessings to man begin with it. The baker and butcher bring him bread and beef. For additional foods he has bacon, beans, bovril, bloaters, broccoli, broth, bivalves, bananas, berries, biscuits, buns and butter. After a banquet of bonbons, [illegible] he may bring out his briar and blow his baccy while he bestrides his bicycle. These are but a few of the beneficent things included under that blessed letter "b." Now, as a contrast, take "d," and among the first words we think of are damp, dark, dreary, dismal, dirty, depressed, despairing and so on, the very sound of which is enough to drive one into doleful dumps.

The Hackney on Parade.

How a high bred hackney looks when he is put on exhibition at a big horse show is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." It was a very pretty sight presented to the horse experts lining the rail and to persons in boxes and tier seats. They saw a blockily built strawberry roan, his chiseled neck arched in a perfect crest, his rigid thigh muscles rippling under a shiny coat as he swung his hocks, his slim fore legs sweeping up and out, and every curve of his rounded body from the tip of his absurd whisk broom tail to the white snip on the end of his tossing nose expressing that exuberance of spirits, that jaunty abandon of motion, which is the very apex of hackney style. Behind him a short legged groom bounced through the air at the end of the reins, keeping his feet only by means of most amazing strides.

Saving.

More than 500 persons competed for the prizes offered by a Chicago company for the best thoughts on the subject of saving. The man who received the first prize wrote: "Saving produces a peace of mind unknown to him who in time of misfortune must depend on the bounty of his friends. Determine to save, for will power is the prime essential. Deposit regularly. Lay aside some portion of each week's or month's income. Deposit extra and unexpected receipts." It is a short but sound and comprehensive sermon on thrift and enlists in a good cause two forces that sometimes fight on opposite sides—will power and habit.

His Only Comment.

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.—Toronto Moon.

An Historic Event

Dedication of St. Louis World's Fair, Apr. 30 to May 2. The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special excursion tickets from Buffalo at one fare for round trip to St. Louis, good limits returning. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Decidedly Fascinating

is a trip to New Orleans, La. The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special excursion tickets at one fare for round trip, good return limits. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y.

Old Engraved Rings.

Among the legends of Greece it is told that the father of Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher, was a [illegible] of gems, and an old [illegible] Troy [illegible] engraved rings. [illegible] that were pretty [illegible] was an art at a very remote age. The British museum proudly boasts the possession of a sapphire [illegible] of yellow jasper bearing the figure of a horse and the name and titles of Amenophis II, believed to date back to about the year 1450 B. C. The very finest specimen of engraved gem now in existence is a head of Nero carved on a first water diamond by the brothers Costanzi in the year 1790 A. D.

License Applications.

Petitions and applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 11th A. D. 1903.

HOTEL LICENSES

Bradford City First Ward.

Thomas Connelly and T. F. Connelly, Connelly House, No. 36 Mechanic street, residence same.

George A. Crooker, United States Hotel, Nos. 84 and 86 Mechanic street, residence same.

John B. Douglas and Andrew J. Douglas, Willard Hotel, No. 118 Main street, residence same.

John Eckhart, Jr. and James D. Smith, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 81 and 83 Main street, residence of James D. Smith same, residence of John Eckhart, Jr. is 28 Kennedy street, Bradford, Pa.

E. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, Mechanic street at the head of Main street, residence same.

[illegible] Callaghan, The New Depot Hotel, No. [illegible] Main street, residence same.

[illegible] Hicks, Union House, Nos. [illegible] and 158 Main street, residence same.

P. J. Hennessy, [illegible] Hotel, Nos. [illegible] Main street, residence same.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Washington House, Nos. [illegible] Washington street, residence same.

Mary McBride, Opera [illegible] House, Nos. [illegible] Main street, residence same.

[illegible] Nicholas, Industry Hotel, Nos. [illegible] street, residence same.

George W. Moore, [illegible] Hotel, Nos. [illegible] Main street, residence same.

P. McGovern, McGovern House, Nos. 30 and 30 Mechanic street, residence same.

A. L. Strange, [illegible] House, Nos. [illegible] Webster street, residence same.

L. S. Watterson, St. [illegible] City House, Nos. [illegible] Main street, residence same.

Nathan Weil, The Blue Bear Hotel, Nos. 8, 10 and 12 Pine street, residence same.

Bradford City Third Ward.

Eugene Leake, Aiken House, Nos. [illegible] and 15 Washington street, residence same.

Bradford City Fourth Ward.

M. Myers, Myers House, No. 13 Washington street, residence same.

Bradford City Fifth Ward.

Sarah L. Corwin, Rochester House, Nos. [illegible] and 168 Main street, residence same.

Bradford City Sixth Ward.

Patrick Keane, Tuna Valley House, No. 417 East Main street, residence same.

Patrick M. White, American House, corner East Main street and Kendall avenue, residence same.

Eldred Borough.

Michael J. Collins and James W. Robeaux, Central House, No. 30 Main Street, residence Eldred, Pa.

James McLarty, St. Elmo Hotel, corner Main and Depot streets, residence same.

Eldred Township.

Mrs. Kate McDonald, Chadwick House, at Larrabee, opposite Pennsylvania R. R. depot, residence same.

Foster Township.

W. H. [illegible], Rew City, Rew City Hotel, corner of Bradford and [illegible] plank road highway, residence same.

Hamlin Township.

Fritz Bock, White Star Hotel, North side of Main street, Hazelhurst, residence same.

John C. Brenneman, Reid House, North side of Main street, Hazelhurst, residence same.

Fred Eckhart, Eckhart House, south side of Main street, Hazelhurst, residence same.

A. J. Potter, Hotel Hazel, North side of Main street, Hazelhurst, residence same.

Kane Borough First Ward.

James Campbell, Hotel LaMont, Nos. 27 to 39 Fraley street, residence same.

Dawson P. Crowe, Park Avenue Hotel, West side of Park avenue and the south side of Maple street being No. 481, residence 326 Haines street, Kane, Pa.

Rick Donovan, The Donovan Hotel, Nos. 15 and 17 Fraley street, residence No. 115 Dawson street.

P. W. Durkin, Hotel Reavley, No. 129 Fraley street, residence same.

P. F. McMahon, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 and 157 Fraley street residence same.

Morris B. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, West side of Fraley street, residence same.

A. C. Snyder, The Griffin Hotel, Nos. 75 and 77 Fraley street, residence same.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

W. W. Swalley, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 and 64 Fraley street, residence same.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

A. W. Hamm, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162 to 168 Fraley street, residence same.

Lafayette Township.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, North side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford, residence same.

James Mahoney, The Butts House, Mt. Alton, residence same.

M. A. Quinn, Davis House, Mt. Alton, on West side of street leading from Mt. Alton to Buttsville, residence same.

J. B. Sackett, Bradford House, North side of Main street, Lewis Run, residence same.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Frances L. Campbell, Fairview Hotel, South side of Main street, residence same.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, South side of Main street, residence same.

G. M. Fenstermaker, Lunden House, South side of Main street, residence same.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, South side of Main street, residence same.

Otto Township.

J. R. Goodenough, Duke House, Duke Center, residence same.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, Connolly House, West side of Pearl street, residence same.

Thomas Gilluly, Horton House, Southeast corner of Main and Mill streets, residence same.

P. H. Kilday, The Allegany House, corner of Mill street and Railroad street, residence same.

Chester B. King, Sartwell House, South side of Mill street, residence same.

J. D. Swallow, Port Allegany House, No. 82 Mill street, residence Port Allegany, Pa.

Sergeant Township.

Hugh A. Boyd and John L. Smith, The Bayer House, Clermont, residence same.

Frederick J. Stiffes, Clermont House, Clermont, corner of Main highway and Pine street, residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

Daniel Bacon, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main street, residence same.

M. O. Caskey, The Farmers Hotel; South side of Water street, residence same.

M. W. Heinlein, Cottage House, corner of Water and Fulton streets, residence same.

James McGuier, Grand Central Hotel, South side of Main street, residence same.

Frank L. Sherburne, Commercial House, corner Main and Franklin streets, residence same.

B. F. Weight, Wright House, corner of Main and Mechanic streets, residence same.

EATING HOUSE OR RESTAURANT LICENSES.

Bradford City—Third Ward

A. W. Eygabroat and James O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Cafe, No. 69 Mechanic street, corner of Washington street, residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

M. J. Cunningham, Cull House, situate on the East side of the W. N. Y. & P. depot, residence Eldred Borough.

Myrne R. Walsh, situate on the North side of [illegible] street, residence Eldred Borough.

Kane Borough Second Ward.

Thomas [illegible] Canner, The [illegible] Restaurant, [illegible] Fraley and [illegible] streets, residence Kane Borough.

Keating Township.

Jay St[illegible], [illegible] E. Cleveland, [illegible] Jay St. West Port Smethport, residence of [illegible] Smethport.

Port Allegany Borough.

K. [illegible], [illegible] City Restaurant, No. 8 [illegible] street, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Adam Seyner, Southwest corner of Pearl and Maple streets, residence Port Allegany Borough.

Smethport Borough.

M. A. Cantwell, in the basement of what is known as the Grand Central building at the corner of Main and Fulton streets, residence Smethport Borough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LICENSES WITH OR WITHOUT OTHER GOODS.

Bradford City—First Ward

Frank J. Collins, doing business as N. R. Collins & Co., No. 88 Main street, residence Bradford City.

Louis A. March, No. 122 Main street, residence Bradford City.

A. M. Mayer and M. Roband, doing business as A. M. Mayer & Co., No. 114 Main street, residence Bradford City.

H. M. Plague, No. 108 Mechanic street, residence Bradford City.

Saul Weinman, No. 84 Main Street, residence Bradford City.

Kane Borough First Ward.

John G. King, No. 81 Fraley Street, residence Kane Borough.

George Weiker, No. 145 Fraley street, residence Kane Borough.

Kane Borough Second Ward.

John E. Healy, No. 72 Fraley street, residence Kane Borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Larson, North side of Main street, residence Mount Jewett Borough.

Smethport Borough.

A. J. Warshefsky, corner of Main and Franklin streets, residence Smethport.

LICENSE TO BOTTLE AND VEND MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS.

Bradford City First Ward.

[illegible] Murphy, No. [illegible] Webster street, residence [illegible].

Bradford City [illegible] Ward.

[illegible]

[illegible] Woodbury, No. [illegible], residence Bradford City.

Eldred Borough.

[illegible] W. [illegible], West side of [illegible] street, opposite Pennsylvania Railroad station, residence Eldred.

Hamlin Township.

[illegible] No. [illegible] East side of [illegible] street, Hazelhurst, residence Hazelhurst.

Kane Borough Second Ward.

[illegible] M. McCarty and Charles W. [illegible], No. 201 [illegible] street, residence Kane, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

W. [illegible], West side of Barrett Alley, residence Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough.

W. H. Hutterton, South side of Water street, residence Smethport Borough.

LICENSE TO BREW, MANUFACTURE, VEND AND SELL MALT AND BREWED LIQUORS AT WHOLESALE.

Bradford City Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, Wm. Hatley, President, DeLevan Emery, Secretary, Nos. 10 and 12 Fourth street. Its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within 15 days after the same are granted or they will be void.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON,
Clerk.

Smethport Pa. Apr. 21 1903.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W. DICKERSON.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell Phone

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

F. D. Mayo & Son.

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Thomas H. Morrison.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport - - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

Physicians.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. F. Benninghoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and Residence in Reilly Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.

Office over D. C. Young's store.

Bell 'phone at house and store.

Office Hours, [illegible] a. m., [illegible] p. m.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.

First-class accommodations for the traveling public.

M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. R. McDONALD, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

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All legal business attended to promptly.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.